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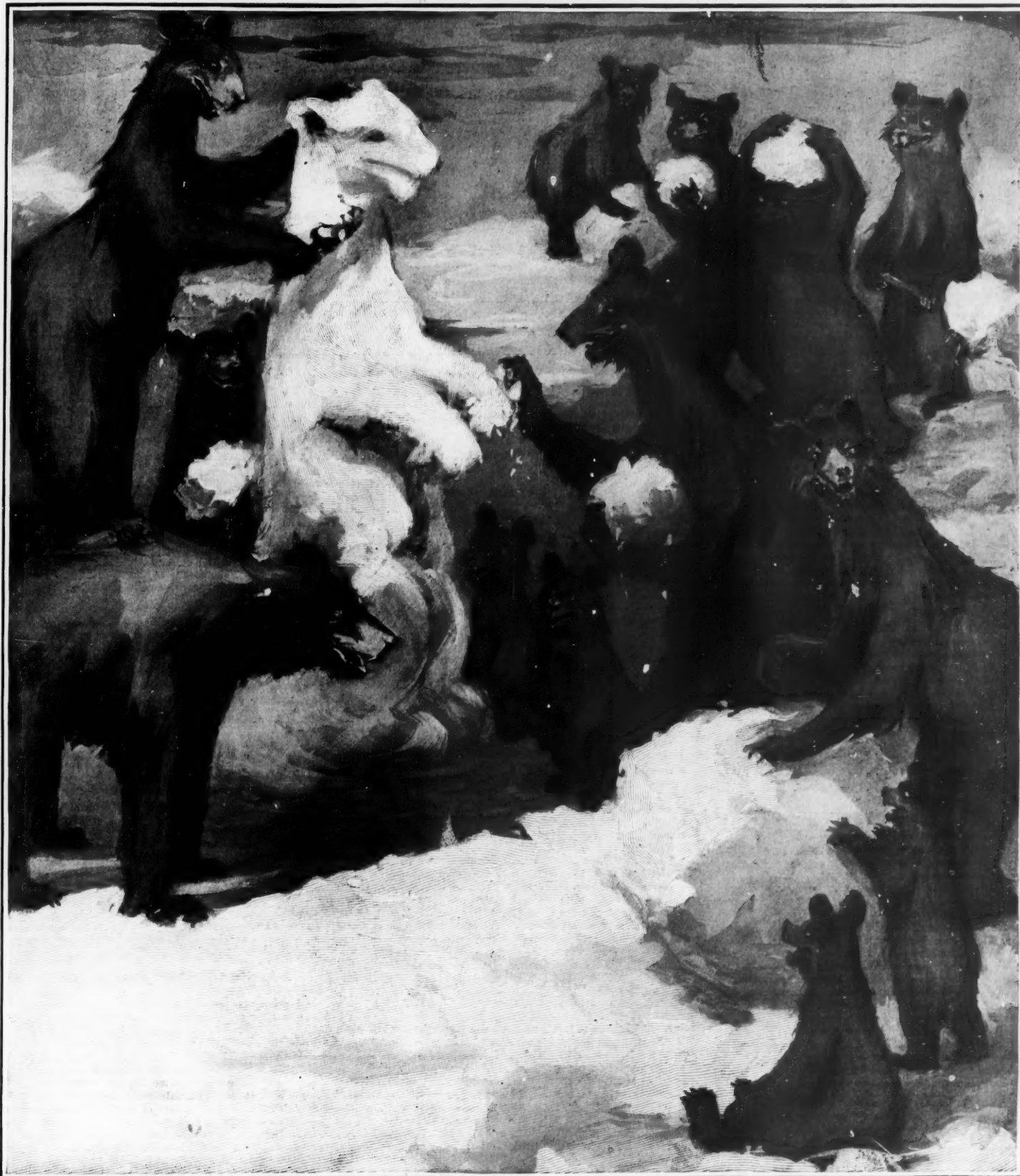
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DRAWN BY FRANK VERBECK

THE MAKING OF THE FIRST WHITE BEAR

Sahibs' War

BY
RUDYARD KIPLING

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD PYLE



PASS? PASS? PASS? I have one pass already, allowing me to come from Kroonstadt to Eshtellenbosch, where the horses are, where I am to be paid off, and whence I return to India. I am a—trooper of the Gurgaon Rissala (cavalry regiment), the One Hundred and Forty-first Punjab Cavalry. Do not herd me with these black Kaffirs; I am a Sikh—a trooper of the State. The Lieutenant-Sahib does not understand my talk? Is there any Sahib on this train who will interpret for a trooper of the Gurgaon Rissala going about his business in this devil's devising of a country, where there is no flour, no oil, no spice, no red pepper, and no respect paid to a Sikh? Is there no help? . . . God be thanked, here is such a Sahib! Protector of the Poor! Heaven-born! Tell the young Lieutenant-Sahib that my name is Umr Singh; I am—I was servant to Kurban Sahib, now dead; and I have a pass to go to Eshtellenbosch, where the horses are. Do not let him herd me with these black Kaffirs! . . . Yes, I will sit by this truck till the Heaven-born has explained the matter to the young Lieutenant-Sahib who does not understand our tongue.

What orders? The young Lieutenant-Sahib will not detain me? Good! I go down to Eshtellenbosch by the next *terain*? Good! I go with the Heaven-born? Good! Then for this day I am the Heaven-born's servant. Will the Heaven-born bring the honor of his presence to a seat? Here is an empty truck: I will spread my blanket over one corner thus—for the sun is hot, though not so hot as our Punjab in May: I will prop it up thus, and I will arrange this hay thus, so the Presence can sit at ease till God sends a *terain* for Eshtellenbosch. . . . The Presence knows the Punjab? Lahore? Amritsar? Attaree, belike? My village is north over the fields three miles from Attaree, near the big white house which was copied from a certain palace of the Great Queen's by—by—I have forgotten the name. Can the Presence recall it? Sirdar Dyal Singh Attareewalla! Yes, that is the very man; but how does the Presence know? Born and bred in Hind, was he? O-o-oh! This is quite a different matter. The Sahib's nurse was a Surtee woman from the Bombay side? That was a pity. She should have been an up-country wench; for those make stout nurses. There is no land like the Punjab. There are no people like the Sikhs. Umr Singh is my name, yes. An old man? Yes. A trooper only after all these years? Ye-es. Look at my uniform, if the Sahib doubts. Nay—nay; the Sahib looks too closely. All mark of rank were picked off it long ago, but—but it is true—that is not common cloth such as troopers use for their coats, and—the Sahib has sharp eyes—that black mark is such a mark as a silver chain leaves when long worn on the breast. The Sahib says that troopers do not wear silver chains? No-o. Troopers do not wear the Order of Beritish India? No. The Sahib should have been in the Police in the Punjab. I am not a trooper, but I have been a Sahib's servant for nearly a year—bearer, butler, sweeper, any and all three. The Sahib says that Sikhs do not take menial service? True; but it was for Kurban Sahib—my Kurban Sahib—dead these three months.

Young—of a reddish face—with blue eyes, and he tilted a little on his feet when he was pleased, and cracked his finger-joints. So did his father before him, who was Deputy-Commissioner of Jullundur in my father's time when I rode with the Gurgaon Rissala. My father? Jwala Singh. A Sikh of Sikhs—he fought with the English at Sobraon and carried the

mark to his death. So we were knit as it were by a blood-tie. I and my Kurban Sahib. Yes, I was a trooper first—nay, I had risen to a Lance-Duffadar, I remember—and my father gave me a dun stallion of his own breeding on that day; and he was a little baba, sitting upon a wall by the parade-ground with his ayah—all in white, Sahib—laughing at the end of our drill. And his father and mine talked together, and mine beckoned to me, and I dismounted, and the baba put his hand into mine. Eighteen—twenty-five—twenty-seven years gone now, Kurban Sahib—my Kurban Sahib! Oh, we were great friends after that! He cut his teeth on my sword-hilt, as the saying is. He called me Big Umr Singh—Buwwa Umr Singh, for he could not speak plain. He was only so high, Sahib, from the bottom of this truck, but he knew all our troopers by name—every one. . . . And he went to England, and he became a young man, and back he came, tilting a little in his walk, and cracking his finger-joints—back to his own Rissala and to me. He had not forgotten either the speech or the customs. He was a Sikh at heart, Sahib. He was rich, open-handed, just, a friend of poor troopers, keen-eyed, jestful, and careless. I could tell tales about him in his first years. There was very little he hid from me. I was his Umr Singh, and when we were alone he called me Father, and I called him Son. Yes, that was how we spoke. We spoke freely together on everything—about war, and women, and money, and advancement, and such all.

We spoke about this war, too, long before it came. There were many boxwallas, pedlars, with Pathans a few, in this country, notably at the city of Yunasbagh (Johannesburg), and they sent news in every week how the Sahibs lay without weapons under the heel of the Boer-log; and how big guns were hauled up and down the streets to keep Sahibs in order; and how a Sahib called Eger Sahib (Edgar?) was killed for a jest by Boer-log. The Sahib knows how we of Hind hear all that passes over the earth? There was not a gun cocked in Yunasbagh that the echo did not come into Hind in a month. The Sahibs are very clever, but they forget their own cleverness has created the *dak* (the post), and that for an anna or two all things become known. We of Hind listened and heard and wondered; and when it was a sure thing, as reported by the pedlars and the vegetable-sellers, that the Sahibs of Yunasbagh lay in bondage to the Boer-log, certain among us asked questions and waited for signs. *Wherefore, Sahib, came the long war in the Tirah?* This, of course, Kurban Sahib knew, and we talked together. He said, "There is no haste. Presently we shall fight, and we shall fight for all Hind in that country round Yunasbagh." Here he spoke truth. Does the Sahib not agree? Quite so. It is for Hind that the Sahibs fight this war. Ye cannot in one place rule and in another bear service. Either ye must everywhere rule or everywhere obey. God does not make the nations ringstraked. True—true—true!

So did matters ripen—a step at a time. It was nothing to me, except I think—and the Sahib sees this, too?—that it is foolish to make an army and break their hearts in idleness. Why have they not sent for the men of the Tochi—the men of the Tirah—the men of Bunar? Folly, a thousand times. We could have done it all so gently—so gently.

Then, upon a day, Kurban Sahib sent for me and said, "Ho, Dada, I am sick, and the doctor gives me a certificate for many months." And he winked, and I said, "I will get leave and nurse thee, Child. Shall I bring my uniform?" He said, "Yes, and a sword for a sick man to lean on. We go to Bombay, and thence by sea to the country of the *Hubshis*" (niggers). Mark his cleverness! He was first of all our men to get leave for sickness and to come here. Now they will not let our officers go away, sick or well, except they sign a bond not to take part in this war-game upon the road. But he was clever. There was no whisper of war when he took his sick-leave. I came also? Assuredly. I went to my Colonel, and

sitting in the chair (I am of that rank for which a chair is placed when we speak with the Colonel) I said, "My child goes sick. Give me leave, for I am old and sick also."

And the Colonel, making the word double between English and our tongue, said, "Yes, thou art truly *Sikh*"; and he called me an old devil—jestingly, as one soldier may jest with another; and he said my Kurban Sahib was a liar as to his health (that was true, too), and at long last he stood up and shook my hand before the Adjutant-Sahib, and bade me go and bring my Sahib safe again. My Sahib back again—aye me!

So I went to Bombay with Kurban Sahib, but there, at sight of the Black Water, Wajib Ali, his bearer, checked, and said his mother was dead. Then I said to Kurban Sahib, "What is one Mussulman dog more or less? Give me the keys of the trunks, and I will lay out the white shirts for dinner." Then I beat Wajib Ali at the back of Watson's Hotel, and that night I prepared Kurban Sahib's razors. I say, Sahib, that I, a Sikh of the Khalsa, prepared the razors! But I did not put on my uniform while I did it. On the other hand, Kurban Sahib took for me, upon the steamer, a room in all respects like to his own, and would have given me a servant. We spoke of many things on the way to this country; and Kurban Sahib told me what he perceived would be the conduct of the war. He said, "They have taken men afoot to fight men ahorse, and they will foolishly show mercy to these Boer-log because it is believed that they are white." He said, "There is but one fault in this war, and that is that the Government have not employed us, but have made it altogether a Sahibs' war. Very many men will thus be killed, and no vengeance will be taken." True talk—true talk! It fell as Kurban Sahib foretold.

And we came to this country, even to Cape Town over yonder, and Kurban Sahib said, "Bear the baggage to the big dak-bungalow, and I will look for employment fit for a sick man." I put on the uniform of my rank and went to the big dak-bungalow, called Maun Nihal Seyn, and I caused the heavy baggage to be bestowed in that dark lower place—is it known to the Sahib?—which was already full of the swords and baggage of officers. It is fuller now—dead men's kit all! I was careful to secure a receipt for all three pieces. I have it in my belt. They must go back to the Punjab.

Anon came Kurban Sahib, tilting a little in his step, which sign I knew, and he said, "We are born in a fortunate hour. We go to Eshtellenbosch to oversee the despatch of horses." Remember, Kurban Sahib was squadron-leader of the Gurgaon Rissala, and I am—Umr Singh. So I said, speaking as we do—we did—when none was near, "Thou art a groom and I am a grass-cutter, but is this any promotion, Child?" At this he laughed, saying, "It is the way to better things. Have patience, Father." (Aye, he called me father when none was by.) "This war ends not to-morrow nor the next day. I have seen the new Sahibs," he said, "and they are fathers of owls—all—all—all!"

So we went Eshtellenbosch, where the horses are; Kurban Sahib doing the service of servants in that business. And the whole business was managed without forethought by new Sahibs who had never seen a tent pitched or a peg driven. They were full of zeal, but empty of all knowledge. Then came, little by little from Hind, those Pathans—they are just like those vultures up there, Sahib—they always follow slaughter. And there came to Eshtellenbosch some Sikhs—Muzbees, though—and some Madras monkey-men. They came with horses. Puttiala sent horses; Jhind and Nabha sent horses; all the nations of the Khalsa sent horses; all the ends of the earth sent horses. God knows what the army did with them—unless they ate them raw. They used horses as a courtesan uses oil—with both hands. These horses needed many men. Kurban Sahib appointed me to the command (what a command for me!) of certain woolly ones

SAHIBS' WAR By Rudyard Kipling

—*Habshis*—whose touch and shadow are pollution. They were enormous eaters; sleeping on their bellies; laughing without cause; wholly like animals. Some were called Fingoes and some, I think, Red Kafirs, but they were all Kafirs, filth unspeakable. I taught them to water and feed and sweep and rub down. Yes, I oversaw the work of sweepers—a *jemadar* of *mehltars* (headman of a refuse gang) was I, and Kurban Sahib little better, for five months. Evil months! The war went as Kurban Sahib had said. Our new men were slain and no vengeance was taken. It was a war of fools armed with the weapons of magicians. Guns that slew at half a day's march, and men who, being new, walked blind into high grass and were driven off like cattle by the Boer-log! As to the city of Eshellenbosch, I am not a Sahib—only a Sikh. I would have quartered one troop only of the Gurgaon Rissala in that city—one little troop—and I would have schooled that city till its men learned to kiss the shadow of a Government horse upon the ground. There are many *mullahs* (priests) in Eshellenbosch. They preached the Jihad against us. This is true—all the camp knew it. And most of the houses were thatched! A war of fools indeed!

At the end of five months my Kurban Sahib, who had grown lean, said, "The reward is come. We go up toward the front with horses to-morrow, and, once away, I shall be too sick to return. Make ready the baggage." Thus we got away, with some Kafirs in charge of new horses for a certain new regiment that had come in a ship. The second day, when we were watering at a place without any sort of a bazaar to it, slipped out from horse-boxes one Sikandar Khan, that had been a *jemadar* of *saiss* (head-groom) at Eshellenbosch, and was by service a trooper in a Border rissala. Kurban Sahib gave him big abuse for this desertion; but the Pathan put up his hands as excusing himself, and Kurban Sahib relented and added him to our service. So there were three of us—Kurban Sahib, I and Sikandar Khan—Sahib, Sikh, and *Sag* (dog). But the man said truly, "We are far from our homes and both servants of the Raj. Make truce till we see the Indus again." I have eaten from the same dish as Sikandar Khan—beef, too, for aught I know! He said, on the night he stole some swine's flesh in a tin from a mess-tent, that in his Book, the Koran, it is written that whoso engages in a holy war is freed from ceremonial obligations. Wah! He had no more religion than a sword-point picks up of sugar and water. He stole himself a horse at a place where there lay a new and very raw rissala. I also procured myself a gray gelding there. They let their horses stray too much, those new regiments.

Some shameless regiments would indeed have made away with our horses on the road. They exhibited indents and requisitions for horses, and once or twice would have uncoupled the trucks; but Kurban Sahib was wise, and I am not altogether a fool. There is not much honesty at the front. Notably there was one congregation of hard-bitten horse-thieves; tall, light Sahibs who spoke through their noses for the most part, and upon all occasions they said, "Oah Hell!" which, in our tongue, signifies *Jehannum ko jao*. They bore each man a vine-leaf upon their uniforms, and they rode like Rajputs. Nay, they rode like Sikhs. They rode like the Ustrelahs! The Ustrelahs, whom we met later, also spoke through their noses a little, but they were tall, dark men, with gray, clear eyes, heavily eyelashed like camel's eyes—very proper men—a new brand of Sahib to me. They said on all occasions, "No fee ah," which in our tongue means *Durro Mut* ("Do not be afraid"), so we called them the *Durro Muts*. Dark, tall men, most excellent horsemen, hot and angry, waging war as war, and drinking tea as a sand-hill drinks water. Thieves? A little, Sahib. Sikandar Khan swore to me; and he comes of a horse-stealing clan for ten generations; he swore a Pathan was a babe beside a *Durro Mut* in regard to horse-lifting. The *Durro Muts* cannot walk on their feet at all. They are like hens on the high road. Therefore they must have horses. Very proper men, with a just lust for the war. Aah—"No fee ah," say the *Durro Muts*. They saw the worth of Kurban Sahib. They did not ask him to sweep stables. They would by no means let him go. He did substitute for one of their troop-leaders who had a fever, one long day in a country full of little hills—like the mouth of the Khaibar; and when they returned in the evening, the *Durro Muts* said, "Wallah! This is a man. Steal him!" So they stole my Kurban Sahib as they would have stolen anything else that they needed, and they sent a sick officer back to Eshellenbosch in his place. Thus Kurban Sahib came to his own again, and I was his bearer, and Sikandar Khan was his cook. The law was strict that this was a Sahibs' war, but there was no order that a bearer and a cook should not ride with their Sahib—and we had naught but our uniforms. We rode up and down this accursed country, where there is no bazaar, no pulse, no flour, no oil, no spice, no red pepper, no firewood; nothing but raw corn and a little cattle. There was no battle, as I saw it, but a plenty of gun-firing. When we were many, the Boer-log came out with coffee to greet us, and to show us *purvanas* (permits) from foolish Generals who had gone that way before, certifying they were peaceful and well-disposed. When we were few, they hid behind stones and shot us. Now the order was that they were Sahibs, and this was a Sahibs' war. Good! But as I understand it, when a Sahib goes to war, he puts on the cloth of war, and only those who wear that cloth may take part in the war. Good! That I understand. But these people were as they were in Burma, or as the Afridis are. They shot at their pleasure, and when pressed hid the gun and exhibited *purvanas*, or lay in a house and said they were farmers. Even such farmers as cut up the Madras troops at Hliedatolone in Burma! Even such farmers as slew Cavagnari Sahib and the Guides at Kabul! We schooled those men, to be sure—fifteen, ay, twenty of a morning pushed off the veranda in front of the Bala Hissar. I looked that the Jung-i-lat Sahib (the Commander-in-Chief) would have remembered the old days; but—no. All the people shot at us everywhere, and he issued proclamations saying that he did not fight the people, but a certain army, which army, in truth, was all the Boer-log, who, between them, did not wear enough of uniform to make a loin-cloth. A fools' war from first to last; for it is manifest that he who fights should be hanged if he fights with a gun in one hand and a *purvana* in the other, as did all these people. Yet we, when they had had their bellyful for the time, received them with honor, and gave them permits, and refreshed them and

fed their wives and their babes, and severely punished our soldiers who took their fowls. So the work was to be done not once with a few dead, but thrice and four times over. I talked much with Kurban Sahib on this, and he said, "It is a Sahibs' war. That is the order"; and one night, when Sikandar Khan would have lain out beyond the pickets with his knife and shown them how it is worked on the Border, he hit Sikandar Khan between the eyes and came near to breaking in his head. Then Sikandar Khan, a bandage over his eyes, so that he looked like a sick camel, talked to him half one march, and he was more bewildered than I, and vowed he would return to Eshellenbosch. But privately to me Kurban Sahib said we should have loosed the Sikhs and the Gurkhas on these people till they came in with their foreheads in the dust. For the war was not of that sort which they comprehended.

They shot us? Assuredly they shot us from houses adorned with a white flag; but when they came to know our custom, the widows sent word forward by Kafir runners, and presently there was not so much firing. No fee-ah! All the Boer-log with whom we dealt had *purvanas* signed by mad Generals attesting that they were well-disposed to the State. They had also rifles not a few, and cartridges, which they hid in the roof. The women wept very greatly when we burned such houses, but they did not approach too near after the flames had taken good hold of the thatch, for fear of the bursting cartridges. The women of the Boer-log are very clever. They are more clever than the men. The Boer-log are clever? Never, never, no! It is the Sahibs who are fools. For their own honor's sake the Sahibs must say that the Boer-log are clever; but it is the Sahibs' wonderful folly that has made the Boer-log. The Sahibs should have sent us into the game.

But the *Durro Muts* did well. They dealt faithfully with all that country thereabout—not in any way as we of Hind should have dealt, but they were not altogether fools. One night when we lay on the top of a ridge in the cold, I saw far away a light in a house that appeared for the sixth part of an hour and was obscured. Anon it appeared again thrice for the twelfth part of an hour. I showed this to Kurban



UMR SINGH

Sahib, for it was a house that had been spared—the people having many permits and swearing fidelity at our stirrup-leathers. I said to Kurban Sahib, "Send half a troop, Child, and finish that house. They signal to their brethren." And he laughed where he lay and said, "If I listened to my bearer, there would not be left ten houses in all this land." I said, "What need to leave one? This is as it was in Burma. They are farmers to-day and fighters to-morrow. Let us deal justly with them." He laughed and curled himself up in his blanket, and I watched the far light in the house till day. I have been on the Border in eight wars, not counting Burma. The first Afghan war; the second Afghan war; two Mahsud Waziri wars (that is four); two Black Mountain wars, if I remember right; the Malakand and Tirah. I do not count Burma, or some small things. I know when house signals to house.

I pushed Sikandar Khan with my foot, and he saw it, too. He said, "One of the Boer-log who brought pumpkins for the mess, which I fried last night, lives in yonder house." I said, "How dost thou know?" He said, "Because he rode out of the camp by another way, but I marked how his horse fought with him at the turn of the road; and before the light fell I stole out of the camp for evening prayer with Kurban Sahib's glasses, and from a little hill I saw the pied horse of that pumpkin-seller hurrying to that house." I said naught, but took Kurban Sahib's glasses from his greasy hands and cleaned them with a silk handkerchief and returned them to their case. Sikandar Khan told me that he had been the first man in the Zenab valley to use glasses—whereby he finished two blood-fests cleanly in the course of three months' leave. But he was always a liar.

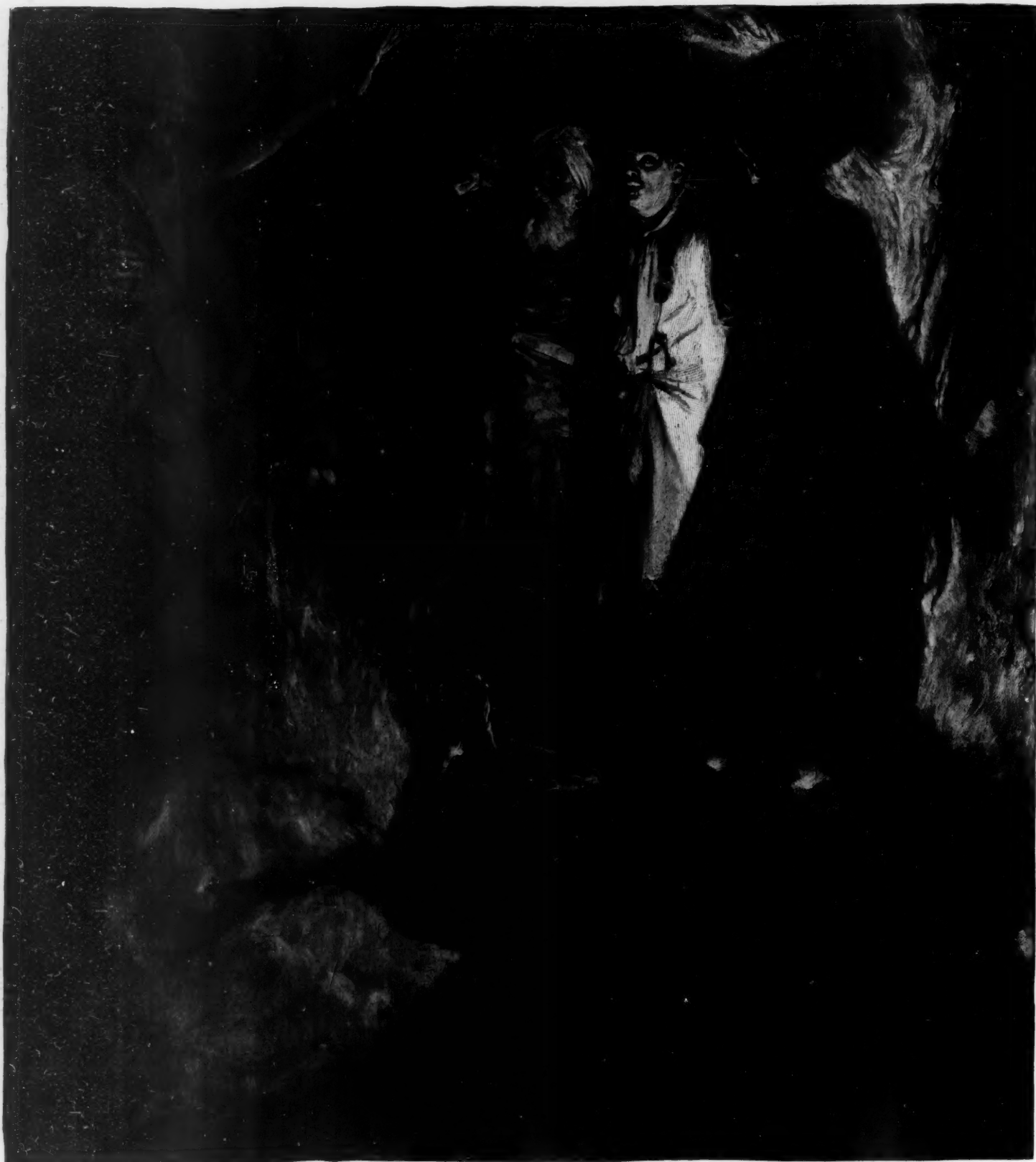
That day Kurban Sahib, with some ten troopers, was sent on to spy the land for our camp. The *Durro Muts* moved slowly at that time. They were weighted with grain and forage and carts, and they greatly wished to leave these all in some town and go on light. So Kurban Sahib sought a short cut for them, a little off the line of march. We were twelve miles before the main body, and we came to a house under a high and bushed hill, with a nullah, which they call a *donga*, behind it, and an old sugar of piled stones, which they call a *kraal*, before it. Two thorn bushes grew on either side of the door, like babul bushes, covered with a golden colored bloom, and the roof was all of thatch. Before the house was a valley of stones that rose to another bush-covered hill. There was an old man in the veranda—an old man with a white beard and a wart upon the left side of his neck; and a fat woman with

the eyes of a swine and the jowl of a swine; and a tall young man deprived of understanding. His head was hairless, no larger than an orange, and the pits of his nostrils were eaten away with a disease. He laughed and slavered in his beard, which was yellowish, and he sported before Kurban Sahib. The man brought coffee and the woman showed us *purvanas* from three General Sahibs, certifying that they were people of peace and goodwill. Here are the *purvanas*, Sahib. Does the Sahib know the Generals who signed them?

They swore the land was empty of Boer-log. They held up their hands and swore it. That was about the time of the evening meal. I stood near the veranda with Sikandar Khan, who was nosing like a jackal on a lost scent. At last he took my arm and said, "See yonder! There is the sun on the window of the house that signalled last night. They can see it clearly from here," and he looked at the hill behind him all hairy with bushes, and sucked in his breath. Then the idiot with the shrivelled head danced by me and threw back that head, and regarded the roof and laughed like a hyena, and the fat woman talked loudly, as it were, to cover some noise. After this I passed to the back of the house on pretence to get water for tea, and I saw fresh horse-dung on the ground, and that the ground was cut with the new marks of hoofs; and there had dropped in the dirt one cartridge. Then Kurban Sahib called to me in our tongue, saying, "Is this a good place to make tea?" and I replied, knowing what he meant, "There are over many cooks in the cook-house. Mount and go, Child." Then I returned, and he said, smiling to the woman, "Prepare food, and when we have loosened our girths we will come in and eat"; but to his men he said in a whisper, "Ride away!" No. He did not cover the old man or the fat woman with his rifle. That was not his custom. Some fool of the *Durro Muts*, being hungry, raised his voice to dispute the order to flee; and before we were in our saddles, many shots came from the roof—from rifles thrust through the thatch. Upon this we rode across the valley of stones, and men fired at us from the nullah behind the house, and from the hill behind the nullah, as well as from the roof of the house—so many shots that it sounded like a drumming in the hills. Then Sikandar Khan, crouching low, said, "This play is not for us alone, but for the rest of the *Durro Muts*," and I said, "Be quiet. Keep place!" for his place was behind me, and I rode behind Kurban Sahib. But these new bullets will pass through five men arow! We were not hit—not one of us—and we reached the hill of rocks and scattered among the stones, and Kurban Sahib turned in his saddle and said, "Look at the old man!" He stood in the veranda firing swiftly with a gun, the woman beside him, and the idiot also—both with guns. Kurban Sahib laughed, and I caught him by the wrist, but it was his fate. The bullet passed under my armpit and struck him in the liver, and I pulled him backward between two great rocks atill—Kurban Sahib, my Kurban Sahib! From the nullah behind the house and from the hills came out Boer-log in number more than a hundred, and Sikandar Khan said, "Now we see the meaning of last night's signal. Give me the rifle." He took Kurban Sahib's rifle—in this war of fools only the doctors carry swords—and lay belly-flat to the work, but Kurban Sahib turned where he lay and said, "Be still. It is a Sahibs' war," and Kurban Sahib put up his hand—thus; and then his eyes rolled on me, and I gave him water that he might pass the more quickly. And at the drinking his spirit received permission.

Thus went our fight, Sahib. The *Durro Muts* were on a ridge working from the north to the south, where lay the main body, and the Boer-log lay in a valley working from east to west. There were more than a hundred, and our men were ten, but they held the Boer-log in the valley while they swiftly passed along the ridge to the south. I saw three Boers drop in the open. Then they all hid again and fired heavily at the rocks that hid our men; but our men were clever and did not show, but moved away and away, always south; and the noise of the battle withdrew itself southward, where we could hear the sound of big guns. So it fell stark dark, and Sikandar Khan found a deep old jackal's earth amid rocks, into which we slid the body of Kurban Sahib upright. Sikandar Khan took his glasses, and I took his handkerchief and some letters and a certain thing which I knew hung round his neck, and Sikandar Khan is witness that I wrapped them all in the handkerchief. Then we ate a biscuit together, and lay still and mourned for Kurban Sahib. Sikandar Khan wept till daybreak—even he, a Pathan, a Mohammedan! All that night we heard firing to the southward, and when the dawn broke the valley was full of Boer-log in carts and on horses. They gathered by the house, as we could see through Kurban Sahib's glasses, and the old man, who, I take it, was a priest, blessed them, and preached the holy war, waving his arm; and the fat woman brought coffee, and the idiot capered among them and kissed their horses. Presently they went away in haste; they went over the hills and were not; and a black slave came out and washed the door-sills with water. Sikandar Khan saw through the glasses that the stain was blood, and he laughed, saying, "Wounded men lie there. We shall yet get vengeance."

About noon we saw a thin high smoke to the southward, such a smoke as a burning house will make in sunshine, and Sikandar Khan, who knows how to take a bearing across a hill said, "It is the house of the pumpkin-seller whence they signalled." And he prayed to God that the *Durro Muts* would not return until we had accomplished our vengeance. It was a high smoke, and the old man, as I saw, came out into the veranda to behold it, and shook his clinched hands at it. So we lay till the twilight, foodless and without water, for we had vowed a vow neither to eat nor to drink till we had accomplished the matter. I had a little opium left, of which I gave Sikandar Khan the half, because he loved Kurban Sahib. When it was full dark we sharpened our sabres upon a certain softish rock which, mixed with water, sharpens steel well, and we took off our boots and we went down to the house and looked through the windows very softly. The old man sat reading in a book, and the woman sat by the hearth; and the idiot lay on the floor with his head against her knee, and he counted his fingers and laughed, and she laughed again. So I knew they were mother and son, and I laughed, too, for I had suspected this when I claimed her life and her body from Sikandar Khan, in the discussion of the spoil. Then we entered with bare swords. . . . Indeed,



"THEN APPEARED SUDDENLY, A LITTLE BEYOND THE LIGHT OF THE LAMP, THE SPIRIT OF KURBAN SAHIB"

these Boer-log do not understand the steel, for the old man ran toward a rifle in the corner; but Sikandar Khan prevented him with a blow of the flat across the hands, and he sat down and held up his hands, and I put my fingers on my lips to signify they should be silent. But the woman cried, and one stirred in an inner room; and a door opened, and a man, bound about the head with rags, stood stupidly fumbling with a gun. His whole head fell inside the door, and none followed him. It was a very pretty stroke—for a Pathan. Then they were silent, staring at the head upon the floor, and I said to Sikandar Khan, "Fetch ropes! Not even for Kurban Sahib's sake will I defile my sword." So he went to seek and returned with three long leather ones, and said, "Four wounded lie within, and doubtless each has a permit from a General," and he cracked his joints and laughed. Then I bound the old man's hands behind his back, and unwillingly—for he laughed in my face, and would have fingered my beard—the idiot's. At this the woman with the swine's eyes and the jowl of a swine ran forward, and Sikandar Khan said, "Shall I strike or bind? She was thy property on the division." And I said, "Refrain! I have made a chain to hold her. Open the door." I pushed out the two across the veranda into the darker shade of the thorn trees, and she followed upon her knees and lay along the ground, and pawed at my boots and howled. Then Sikandar Khan bore out the lamp, saying that he was a butler and would light the table, and I looked for a branch that would bear fruit. But the woman hindered me not a little with her

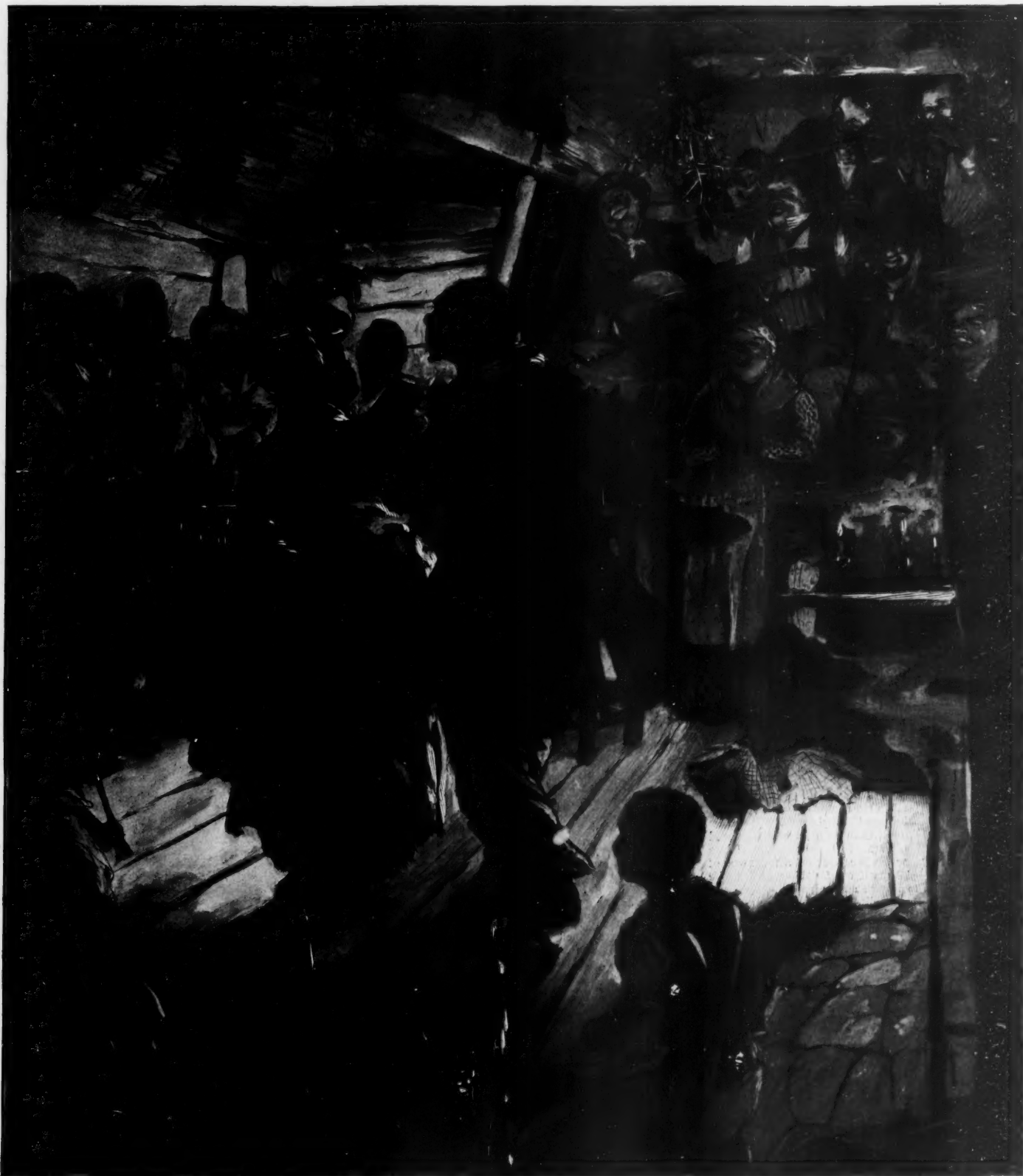
screechings and plungings, and spoke fast in her tongue, and I replied in my tongue, "I am childless to-night because of thy perfidy, and my child was praised among men and loved among women. He would have begotten men—not animals. Thou hast more years to live than I, but my grief is the greater."

I stooped to make sure the noose upon the idiot's neck and flung the end over the branch, and Sikandar Khan held up the lamp that she might well see. Then appeared suddenly, a little beyond the light of the lamp, the spirit of Kurban Sahib. One hand he held to his side, even where the bullet had struck him, and the other he put forward thus, and said, "No. It is a Sahibs' war." And I said, "Wait a while, Child, and thou shalt sleep." But he came nearer, riding, as it were, upon my eyes, and said, "No. It is a Sahibs' war." And Sikandar Khan said, "Is it too heavy?" and set down the lamp and came to me; and as he turned to tally on the rope, the spirit of Kurban Sahib stood up within arm's-reach of us, and his face was very angry, and a third time he said, "No. It is a Sahibs' war." And a little wind blew out the lamp, and I heard Sikandar Khan's teeth chatter in his head.

So we stayed side by side, the ropes in our hand, a very long while, for we could not shape any words. Then I heard Sikandar Khan open his water-bottle and drink; and when his mouth was slaked he passed to me and said, "We are absolved from our vow." So I drank, and together we waited for the dawn in that place where we stood—the ropes in our hand. A

little after third cockcrow we heard the feet of horses and gun-wheels very far off, and so soon as the light came a shell burst on the threshold of the house, and the roof of the veranda that was thatched fell in and blazed before the windows. And I said, "What of the wounded Boer-log within?" And Sikandar Khan said, "We have heard the order. It is a Sahibs' war. Stand still." Then came a second shell—good line, but short—and scattered dust upon us where we stood; and then came ten of the little quick shells from the gun that speaks like a stammerer—yes, Pompom the Sahibs call it—and the face of the house folded down like the nose and the chin of an old man, mumbling, and the forefront of the house lay down. Then Sikandar Khan said, "If it be the fate of the wounded to die in the fire, I shall not prevent it." And he passed to the back of the house and presently came back, and four wounded Boer-log came after him, of whom two could not walk upright. And I said, "What hast thou done?" And he said, "I have neither spoken to them nor laid hand on them. They follow in hope of mercy." And I said, "It is a Sahibs' war. Let them wait the Sahibs' mercy." So they lay still, the four men and the idiot, and the fat woman under the thorn tree, and the house burned furiously. Then began the known sound of cartouches in the roof—one or two at first; then a trill, and last all one loud noise and the thatch blew here and there, and the captives would have crawled aside on account of the heat that was withering the thorn trees, and on account of wood

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 52)



DRAWN BY THOMAS FOGARTY

A PLANTATION CHRISTMAS

By FRANK L. STANTON

WE knowed we'd heah de music er the Chris'mus bells a-ringin'
By de col' win's en de snowballs dat de angels wuz a-fingin';
By de way de fire talked it ter de chillun high en low,
En de tracks dat Major Rabbit lef' behin' 'im in de snow.

DE settlement wuz buzzin' lak a beehive, up en down—
Sich highfalutin' fixin's—sich a mighty stirrin' 'roun'!
Sich bakin' er de 'possums, paradin' er de pies,
Made de li'l' pickaninnies show de whitin' er dey eyes.

WE had de Chris'mus feelin', en we 'lowed de whole plantation
Would have a dinner what would be a hongry man's salvation!
Dar wuz thinnin' out er Turkeys whar you use ter see dem roam;
De Rabbit quit housekeepin' en de 'Possum warn't at home!

DE table wuz de longes'—stretchin' out so fur away
It made you think er sundown shakin' han's wid break er day!
Des piled up wid de plenty—fum 'possum down ter pie,
En ever'body eatin' lak he'd git dar by-en-by.

EN all de time de fiddler wuz a-makin' music fine
En watchin' er de dishes ez we pass 'um down de line;
En we kep' in sich a fidget ez dat fiddle-bow he swing,
We up en lef' de dinner en we hop inter de ring!

SISTER JOHNSON 'peared ter lead us: She weigh three hundred poun'.
En she took up wid de notion dat she'd swing de deacons 'roun';
En ter see 'um des a-gwinel . . . Dey sholy 'peared ter fly,
Lak de flo' wuz made er rubber, en would bounce 'um ter de skyl!

PEARED lak de whole plantation wuz scrougin' in de do',
En de niggers on de outside lak blackbirds in de snow;
En de banjer en de fiddle beat de bes' er all de ban's,
De white folks des a-laughin' en a-clappin' er dey han's!

SICH dancin'! en sich eatin'! . . . de country's good ter you
When you full er halleluyer en de pie en 'possum, too;
En ef it's wid some ailment I got ter reach de sky
I hopes de jury'll lay it ter Chris'mus 'Possum Pie!



"YOU GIVE ME FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS OR I'LL STIR 'EM UP TO LOOK INTO YOUR TITLES!"

THE SHINING BAND

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "Ashes of Empire," "Cardigan," Etc., Etc.

DRAWINGS BY F. C. YOHN



BEFORE THE MEMBERS of the Sagamore Fish and Game Association had erected their handsome club-house, and before they had begun to purchase those thousands of acres of forest, mountain and stream which now belonged to them, a speculative lumberman with no capital, named O'Hara, built the white house across the river on a few acres of inherited property, settled himself comfortably with his wife and child, and prepared to acquire all the timber in sight at a few dollars an acre . . . on credit. For thus, thought he, is the beginning of all millionaires.

So certain was O'Hara of ultimately cornering the standing timber that he took his time about it, never dreaming that a rival might disturb him in the wilderness of Sagamore County.

He began on the woodland which he had inherited, which ran for a mile on either side of the river. This he leisurely cut, hired a few river drivers, ran a few logs to Foxville, and made money.

Now he was ready to extend business on a greater scale; but when he came to open negotiations with the score or more of landholders, he found himself in the alarming position of a bidder against an unknown but clever rival, who watched, waited, and quietly foresaw his every movement.

It took a long time for O'Hara to discover that he was fighting a combination of fifteen wealthy gentlemen from New

York. Finally, when the Sagamore Club, limited to fifteen, had completed operations, O'Hara suddenly perceived that he was bottled up in the strip of worthless land which he had inherited, surrounded by thousands of acres of preserved property—outwitted, powerless, completely hemmed in. And that, too, with the best log-driving water between Foxville and Canada washing the very door-sill of his own home.

At first he naturally offered to sell, but the club's small offer enraged him, and he swore that he would never sell them an inch of his land. He watched the new club-house which was slowly taking shape under the trowels of masons and the mallets of carpenters; and his wrath grew as grew the house.

The man's nature began to change; an inextinguishable hatred for these people took possession of him, became his mania, his existence.

His wife died; he sent his child to a convent school in Canada and remained to watch. He did the club what damage he could, posting his property, and as much of the river as he controlled. But he could not legally prevent fishermen from wading the stream and fishing; so he filled the waters with sawdust, logs, barbed-wire, brambles and brush, choking it so that no living creature, except perhaps a mink, could catch a fish in it.

The Club protested, and then offered to buy the land on O'Hara's own terms. O'Hara cursed them and built a dam without a fishway, and sat beside it nights with a loaded shotgun.

He still had a few dollars left; he wanted millions to crush these rich men who had come here to mock him and take the bread out of his mouth for their summer's sport.

He had a shrewd young friend in New York named Amasa Munn. Through this man, O'Hara began to speculate in every wildcat scheme that squallied aloud for public support; and between Munn and the wildcats his little fortune spread its wings of gold and soared away, leaving him a wreck on his wrecked land.

But he could still find strength to watch the spite-dam with his shotgun. One day a better scheme came into his unbalanced brain; he broke the dam and sent for Munn. Between them they laid a plan to ruin forever the trout fishing in the Sagamore; and Munn, taking the last of O'Hara's money as a bribe, actually secured several barrels full of live pickerel and shipped them to the nearest station on the Sagamore and Inland Railway.

But here the Club watchers caught Munn and held him and his fish for the game wardens. The penalty for introducing trout-destroying pickerel into waters inhabited by trout was a heavy fine. Munn was guilty only in intent, but the Club keepers swore falsely, and Peyster Sprowl, a lawyer, and also the new president of the Sagamore Club, pushed the case; and Munn went to jail, having no money left to purge his sentence.

O'Hara, wild with rage, wrote threatening Sprowl.

Then Sprowl did a vindictive and therefore foolish thing: he swore out a warrant for O'Hara's arrest, charging him with blackmail.

The case was tried in Foxville, and O'Hara was acquitted. But a chance word or two during the testimony frightened the Club and gave O'Hara the opportunity of his life. He went to New York and scraped up enough money for his purpose, which was to search the titles of the lands controlled by the Sagamore Club.

He worked secretly, grubbing, saving, starving; he ferreted out the original grants covering nine-tenths of Sagamore County; he disinterred the O'Hara patent of 1760; and then he began to understand that his title to the entire Sagamore Club property was worth the services, on spec., of any first-class Centre Street shyster.

The Club got wind of this and appointed Peyster Sprowl, in his capacity of lawyer and president of the Club, to find out how much of a claim O'Hara really had. The Club also placed the emergency fund of one hundred thousand dollars at Sprowl's command with *carte-blanc* orders to arrest a suit and satisfy any claim that could not be beaten by money and talent.

Now it took Sprowl a very short time to discover that O'Hara's claim was probably valid enough to oust the Club from three-quarters of its present holdings.

He tried to see O'Hara, but the lumberman refused to be interviewed, and promptly began proceedings. He also made his will; for he was a sick man. Then he became a sicker man and suspended proceedings and sent for his little daughter.

Before she arrived he called Munn in, gave him a packet of papers, and made him burn them before his eyes.

"They're the papers in my case," he said. "I'm dying; I've fought too hard. I don't want my child to fight when I'm dead. And there's nothing in my claim anyway." This was a lie, and Munn suspected it.

When the child, Eileen, arrived, O'Hara was nearly dead, but he gathered sufficient strength to shove a locked steel box toward his daughter and tell her to keep it from Munn and keep it locked until she found an honest man in the world.

The next morning O'Hara appeared to be much better. His friend Munn came to see him; also came Peyster Sprowl in some alarm, on the matter of the proceedings threatened. But O'Hara turned his back on them both and calmly closed his eyes and ears to their presence.



O'HARA



PEYSTER SPROWL

Munn went out of the room, but laid his large thin ear against the door. Sprowl worried O'Hara for an hour, but getting no reply from the man in the bed, withdrew at last with considerable violence.

O'Hara, however, had fooled them both; he had been dead all the while.

The day after the funeral, Sprowl came back to look for O'Hara's daughter; and as he peeped into the door of the squalid flat he saw a thin, yellow-eyed young man with a bony face, all furry in promise of future whiskers, rummaging through O'Hara's effects. This young gentleman was Munn.

In a dark corner of the disordered room sat the child, Eileen, a white, shadowy elf of six, reading in the book of prayer.

Sprowl entered the room; Munn looked up, then coolly continued to rummage.

Sprowl first addressed himself to the child, in a heavy, patronizing voice:

"It's too dark to read there in that corner, young one. Take your book out into the hall."

"I can see better to read in the dark," said the child, lifting her great dark-blue eyes.

"Go out into the hall," said Sprowl sharply.

The child shrank back and went, taking her little jacket in one hand, her battered travelling satchel in the other.

If the two men could have known that the steel box was in that satchel this story might never have been told. But it never entered their heads that the pallid little waif had sense enough to conceal a button to her own profit.

"Munn," said Sprowl, lighting a cigar, "what is there in this business?"

"I'll tell you when I'm done," observed Munn coolly.

Sprowl sat down on the bed where O'Hara had died, cocked the cigar up in his mouth, and blew smoke, musingly, at the ceiling.

Munn found nothing—not a scrap of paper, not a line. This staggered him, but he did not intend that Sprowl should know it.

"Found what you want?" asked Sprowl comfortably.

"Yes," replied Munn.

"Belong to the kid?"

"Yes; I'm her guardian."

The men measured each other in silence for a minute.

"What will you take to keep quiet?" asked Sprowl. "I'll give you a thousand dollars."

"I want five thousand," said Munn firmly.

"I'll double it for the papers," said Sprowl.

Munn waited. "There's not a paper left," he said; "O'Hara made me burn 'em."

"Twenty thousand for the papers," said Sprowl calmly.

"My God, Mr. Sprowl!" groaned Munn, white and sweating with anguish. "I'd give them to you for half that if I had them. Can't you believe me? I saw O'Hara burn them."

"What were you rummaging for then?" demanded Sprowl.

"For anything—to get a hold on you," said Munn sullenly. "Blackmail?"

Munn was silent.

"Oh," said Sprowl lazily, "I think I'll be going, then—"

Munn barred his exit, choking with anger.

"You give me five thousand dollars or I'll stir 'em up to look into your titles!" he snarled.

Sprowl regarded him with contempt; then another idea struck him, an idea that turned his fat face first to ashes, then to fire.

A month later Sprowl returned to the Sagamore Club, triumphant, good-humored, and exceedingly contented. But he had, he explained, only succeeded in saving the Club at cost of the entire emergency fund, one hundred thousand dollars—which, after all, was a drop in the bucket to the remaining fourteen members.

The victory would have been complete if Sprowl had also been able to purchase the square mile of land lately occupied by O'Hara. But this belonged to O'Hara's daughter, and the child flatly refused to part with it.

"You'll have to wait for the little slut to change her mind," observed Munn to Sprowl. And, as there was nothing else to do, Sprowl and the Club waited.

Trouble appeared to be over for the Sagamore Club. Munn disappeared; the daughter was not to be found; the long-coveted land remained tenantless.

Of course, the Sagamore Club encountered the petty difficulties and annoyances to which similar clubs are sooner or later subjected; disputes with neighboring landowners were



EILEEN

gradually adjusted, troubles arising from poachers, dishonest keepers and night guards had been, and continued to be, settled without harshness or rancor; minks, otters, herons, kingfishers, and other undesirable intruders were kept within limits by the guns of the watchers, although by no means exterminated; and the wealthy Club was steadily but unostentatiously making vast additions to its splendid tracts of forest, hill and river land.

After a decent interval the Sagamore Club made cautious inquiries concerning the property of the late O'Hara, only to learn that the land had been claimed by Munn, and that taxes were paid on it by that individual.

For fifteen years the O'Hara house remained tenantless; anglers from the Club fished freely through the mile of river; the name of Munn had been forgotten save by the Club's treasurer, secretary, and president, Peyster Sprowl.

However, the members of the Club never forgot that in the centre of their magnificent domain lay a square mile which did not belong to them; and they longed to possess it as better people than they have coveted treasures not laid up on earth.

The relations existing between the members of the Sagamore Club continued harmonious in as far as their social intercourse and the general acquisitive policy of the Club was concerned.

There existed, of course, that tacit mutual derision based upon individual sporting methods, individual preferences, obstinate theories concerning the choice of rods, reels, lines, and the killing properties of favorite trout-flies.

Major Brent and Colonel Hyssop continued to nag and sneer at each other all day long, yet they remained as mutually dependent upon one another as David and Jonathan. For thirty years the old gentlemen had angled in company, and gathered inspiration out of the same books, the same surroundings, the same flask.

They were the only guests at the club-house that wet May in 1900, although Peyster Sprowl was expected in June, and young Dr. Lansing had wired that he might arrive any day.

An evening rainstorm was drenching the leaded panes in the smoking-room; Colonel Hyssop drummed accompaniment on the windows and smoked sulkily, looking across the river toward the O'Hara house, just visible through the pelting downpour.

"Irritates me every time I see it," he said.

"Some day," observed Major Brent comfortably, "I'm going to astonish you all."

"How?" demanded the colonel tersely.

The major examined the end of his cigarette with a cunning smile.

"It isn't for sale, is it?" asked the colonel. "Don't try to be mysterious; it irritates me."

Major Brent savored his cigarette leisurely.

"Can you keep a secret?" he inquired.

The colonel intimated profanely that he could.

"Well, then," said the major, in calm triumph, "there's a tax sale on to-morrow at Foxville."

"Not the O'Hara place?" asked the colonel, excited.

The major winked. "I'll fix it," he said, with a patronizing squint at his empty glass.

But he did not "fix it" exactly as he intended; the taxes on the O'Hara place were being paid at that very moment.

He found it out next day, when he drove over to Foxville; he also learned that the Rev. Amasa Munn, Prophet of the Shining Band Community, had paid the taxes and was preparing to quit Medicine Lodge, Kansas, and re-establish his colony of fanatics on the O'Hara land, in the very centre and heart of the wealthiest and most rigidly exclusive country club in America.

That night the frightened major telegraphed to Medicine Lodge an offer to buy the O'Hara place at double its real value. The business-like message ended: "Wire reply at my expense."

The next morning an incoherent reply came by wire, at the major's expense, refusing to sell, and quoting several passages of Scripture at Western Union rates per word.

The operator at the station counted the words carefully and collected eight dollars and fourteen cents from the major, whose fury deprived him of speech.

Colonel Hyssop awaited his comrade at the club-house nervously pacing the long veranda gnawing his cigar. "Hello!" he called out, as Major Brent waddled up. "Have you bought the O'Hara place for us?"

The major made no attempt to reply; he panted violently at the colonel, then began to run about, taking little short, distracted steps.

"Made a mess of it?" inquired the colonel, with a badly concealed sneer.

He eyed the major in deepening displeasure. "If you got any redder in the face you'll blow up," he said coldly; "and I don't propose to have you spatter me."

"He—he's an impudent swindler!" hissed the major convulsively.

The colonel sniffed: "I expected it. What of it? After all, there's nobody on the farm to annoy us, is there?"

"Wait!" groaned the major, "wait!" and he toddled into the hall and fell on a chair, beating space with his pudgy hands.

When the colonel at length learned the nature of the threatened calamity, he utterly refused to credit it.

"Rubbish!" he said calmly, "rubbish, my dear fellow; this man Munn is holding out for more money, d'ye see? Rubbish! rubbish! It's blackmail, d'ye see?"

"Do you think so?" faltered the major hopefully. "It isn't possible that they mean to come, is it? Fancy all those fanatics shouting about under our windows—"

"Rubbish!" said the colonel calmly. "I'll write to the fellow myself."

All through that rainy month of May the two old cronies had the club-house to themselves; they slopped about together, fishing cheek by jowl as they had fished for thirty years; at night they sat late over their toddy, and disputed and bickered and wagged their fingers at each other, and went to bed with the perfect gravity of gentlemen who could hold their own with any toddy ever brewed.

No reply came to the colonel, but that did not discourage him.

"They are playing a waiting game," he said sagely. "This man Munn has bought the land from O'Hara's daughter for a song and he means to bleed us. I'll write to Sprowl; he'll fix things."

Early in June Dr. Lansing and his young kinsman, De Witt Coursay, arrived at the club-house. They, also, were of the opinion that Munn's object was to squeeze the Club by threats.

The second week in June, Peyster Sprowl, Master of Foxhounds, Shadowbrook, appeared with his wife, the celebrated beauty Agatha Sprowl, *nee* Van Guilder.

Sprowl, now immensely large and fat, had few cares in life beyond an anxious apprehension concerning the durability of his own digestion. However, he was still able to make a midnight mouthful of a Welsh rarebit on a hot mince-pie, and wash it down with a quart of champagne, and so the world went very well with him, even if it wobbled a trifle for his handsome wife.

"She's lovely enough," said Colonel Hyssop gallantly, "to set every star in heaven wabbling." To which the bull-necked major assented with an ever-hopeless attempt to bend at the waist-band.

Meanwhile the Rev. Amasa Munn and his flock, the Shining Band, arrived at Foxville in six farm wagons, singing "Roll, Jordan!"

Of their arrival Sprowl was totally unconscious, the colonel having forgotten to inform him of the threatened invasion.

II

THE members of the Sagamore Club heard the news next morning at a late breakfast. Major Brent, who had been fishing early up-stream, bore the news, and delivered it in an incoherent bewilderment.

"What d'ye mean by that?" demanded Colonel Hyssop, setting down his cocktail with unsteady fingers.

"Mean!" roared the major; "I mean that Munn and a lot o' women are sitting on the river bank and singing 'Home Again!'"

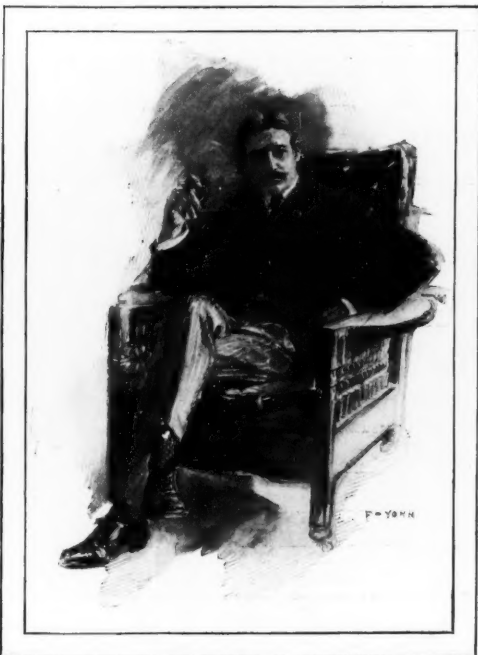
The news jarred everybody, but the effect of it upon the president, Peyster Sprowl, appeared to be out of all proportion to its gravity. That gentleman's face was white as death; and the major noticed it.

"You'll have to rid us of this mob," said the major slowly.

Sprowl lifted his heavy, overfed face from his plate: "I'll attend to it," he said hoarsely, and swallowed a pint of claret.

"I think it is amusing," said Agatha Sprowl, looking across the table at Coursay.

"Amusing, madam!" burst out the major. "They'll be doing their laundry in our river next!"



DR. LANSING



REV. AMASA MUNN

The Ghost at the Cross Roads



A Tale of 1760 with pictures by Edward Penfield

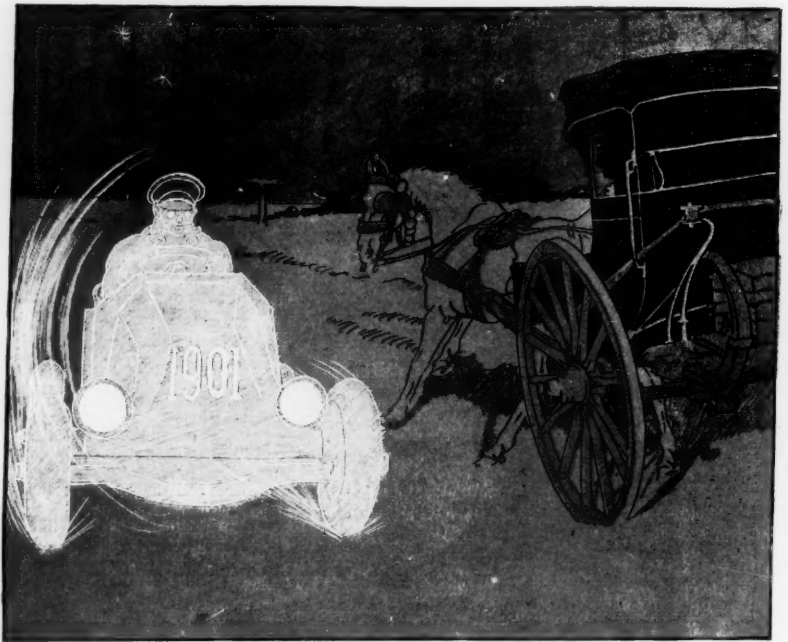
Having an invitation to dine with the squire and his family on Christmas Day I decide to surprise them by going in my new chaise the first one to arrive in these parts from London. "I meet my rival, Dudley on the way."



Upon my arrival at the Squire's his three daughters give me a warm welcome and greatly admire the new chaise, while Dudley waits his turn. I extend an invitation to Miss Marjory to get in and try the chaise, which she eagerly accepts.



A breakdown delays us till dark and we drive home by the light of the moon.



And have an experience that I shall long remember.



My description of the great speed and clumsy wheels of the weird chaise we encountered, arouses jests and laughter, which Dudley makes the most of.



But later in the evening under the mistletoe Marjory and I conclude we are intended for one another, as most people see spirits of the past, while we are sure we saw a ghost of the future chaise, and all ends happily.

NOTE—About 1760 there was built a chaise, commonly called in that time "A Machine for following the Horse." As previous to this date all vehicles were very heavy and constructed without springs, and could make only four miles an hour drawn by eight horses, a speed of eight miles an hour, which was claimed for the chaise drawn by only one horse, was considered an achievement as wonderful as the automobile or flying machine of to-day.

"Soapsuds in my favorite pools!" bawled the colonel. "Damme if I'll permit it!"

"Sprowl ought to settle them," said Lansing good-naturedly. "It may cost us a few thousands, but Sprowl will do the work this time as he did it before."

Sprowl choked in his claret, turned a vivid beef-color, and wiped his chin. His appetite was ruined. He hoped the ruin would stop there.

"What harm will they do?" asked Coursay seriously—"beyond the soapsuds?"

"They'll fish, they'll throw tin-cans in the water, they'll keep us awake with their fanatical pow-wows—confound it, haven't I seen that sort of thing?" said the major passionately. "Yes, I have, at nigger camp-meetings! And these people beat the niggers at that sort of thing!"

"Leave 'em to me," repeated Peyster Sprowl thickly, and began on another chop from force of habit.

"About fifteen years ago," said the colonel, "there was some talk about our title. You fixed that, didn't you, Sprowl?"

"Yes," said Sprowl with parched lips.

"Of course," muttered the major; "it cost us a cool hundred thousand to perfect our title. Thank God it's settled."

Sprowl's immense body turned perfectly cold; he buried his face in his glass and drained it. Then the shrimp-color re-

and a glance which shot the major through and through—a wound he never could accustom himself to receive with stoicism.

Mrs. Sprowl turned carelessly away, followed by her two great Danes—a superb trio, woman and dogs beautifully built and groomed, and expensive enough to please even such an amateur as Peyster Sprowl, M.F.H.

"Gad, Sprowl!" sputtered the major, "your wife grows handsomer every minute—and you grow fatter."

Sprowl, midway in a glass of claret, said: "This simple backwoods régime is what she and I need."

Agatha Sprowl was certainly handsome, but the major's eyesight was none of the best. She had not been growing younger; there were lines; also a discreet employment of tints on a very silky skin which was not quite as fresh as it had once been.

Dr. Lansing, strolling on the veranda with his pipe, met her and her big dogs turning the corner in full sunlight. Coursay was with her, his eager, flushed face close to hers, but he fell back when he saw his kinsman, Lansing, and presently retired to the lawn to unreel and dry out a couple of wet silk lines.

Agatha Sprowl sat down on the veranda railing, exchanging a faint smile across the lawn with Coursay, then her dark eyes met Lansing's steel-gray ones.

"Good-morning once more," she said mockingly.

his danger without panic but with considerable surprise. But nobody can tell what he may do. As for me, I'm indifferent, liberal, and reasonable in my views of . . . other people's conduct. But Jack is not one of those 'other people,' you see."

"And I am?" she suggested serenely.

"Exactly; I'm not your keeper."

"So you confine your attention to Jack and the Decalogues?"

"As for the Commandments," observed Lansing, "any ass can shatter them with his hind heels, so why should he? If he must be an ass, let him be an original ass—not a cur."

"A cur," repeated Agatha Sprowl unsteadily.

"An *affaire de coeur* with a married woman is an *affaire de cur*," said Lansing calmly—"Gallicise it as you wish, make it smart and fashionable as you can. I told you I was old-fashioned. . . . And I mean it, madam."

The leader had eluded him; he uncoiled it again; she mechanically took it between her delicate fingers and held it steady while he measured and shortened it by six inches.

"Do you think," she said between her teeth, "that it is your mission to padlock me to *that*—in there?"

Lansing turned, following her eyes. She was looking at her husband.

"No," replied Lansing serenely; "but I shall see that you



"WILL YOU READ MY FATHER'S PAPERS FOR ME?" SHE SAID

turned to his neck and ears and deepened to scarlet. When the earth ceased reeling before his apoplectic eyes, he looked around furtively. Again the scene in O'Hara's death chamber came to him; the threat of Munn, who had got wind of the true situation, and the bribing of Munn to silence.

But the Club had given Sprowl one hundred thousand dollars to perfect its title; and Sprowl had reported the title perfect, all proceedings ended, and the payment of one hundred thousand dollars to Amasa Munn as guardian of the child of O'Hara in full payment for the O'Hara claims to the Club property.

Sprowl's coolness began to return. If five thousand dollars had stopped Munn's mouth once, it might stop it again. Besides, how could Munn know that Sprowl had kept for his own uses ninety-five thousand dollars of his Club's money and had founded upon it the House of Sprowl of many millions? He was quite cool now—a trifle anxious to know what Munn meant to ask for—but confident that his millions were a buckler and a shield to the honored name of Sprowl.

"I'll see this fellow Munn after breakfast," he said, lighting an expensive cigar.

"I'll go with you," volunteered Lansing casually, strolling out toward the veranda.

"No, no!" called out Sprowl; "you'll only hamper me." But Lansing did not hear him outside in the sunshine.

Agatha Sprowl laid one fair, heavily ringed hand on the table and pushed her chair back. The major gallantly waddled to withdraw her chair; she rose with a gesture of thanks

He returned her greeting and began to change his misleader for a white one.

"Will you kindly let Jack Coursay alone?" she said in a low voice.

"No," he replied in the same tone.

"Are you serious?" she asked as though the idea amused her.

"Of course," he replied pleasantly.

"Is it true that you came here because he came?" she inquired with faint sarcasm in her eyes.

"Yes," he answered with perfect good-nature. "You see he's my own kin; you see I'm the old-fashioned sort—a perfect fool, Mrs. Sprowl."

There was a silence; he unwound the glistening leader; she flicked at shadows with her dog-whip; the great Danes yawned and laid their heavy heads against her knees.

"Then you *are* a fool," she concluded serenely.

He was young enough to redder.

Three years ago she had thought it time to marry somebody if she ever intended to marry at all; so she threw over half a dozen young fellows like Coursay and married Sprowl. For two years her beauty, audacity and imprudence kept a metropolis and two capitals in food for scandal. And now for a year gossip was coupling her name with Coursay's.

"I warned you at Palm Beach that I'd stop this," said Lansing, looking directly into her eyes. "You see I know his mother."

"Stop what?" she asked coolly.

He went on: "Jack is a curiously decent boy; he views

don't transfer the padlock to . . . *that*, out there"—glancing at Coursay, on the lawn.

"Try it," she breathed, and let go of the leader, which flew up in silvery crinkles, the cast of brightly colored flies dancing in the sunshine.

"Oh, let him alone," said Lansing wearily; "all the men in Manhattan are drivelling about you. Let him go; he's a sorry trophy—and there's no natural treachery in him. . . . it's not in our blood. . . . it's too cheap for us, and we can't help saying so when we're in our right minds."

There was a little color left in her face when she stood up, her hands resting on the spiked collars of her dogs. "The trouble with you," she said, smiling adorably, "is your innate delicacy."

"I know I am brutal," he said grimly; "let him alone."

She gave him a pretty salutation, crossed the lawn, passed her husband, who had just ridden up on a powerful sorrel, and called brightly to Coursay: "Take me fishing, Jack, or I'll yawn my head off my shoulders!"

Before Lansing could recover his wits the audacious beauty had stepped into the canoe at the edge of the lawn, and young Coursay, eager and radiant, gave a flourish to his paddle and drove it into the glittering water.

If Sprowl found anything disturbing to his peace of mind in the proceeding he did not betray it. He sat hunched up on his big sorrel, eyes fixed on the distant clearing where the white gable end of O'Hara's house rose among the trees.

Suddenly he wheeled his mount and galloped off up the river

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DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

BROADWAY ON CHRISTMAS EVE

THOUGH wintry winds blow crisp and keen,
 And snowflakes in the air are flying,
 High carnival is on the scene,
 With throngs at revel, selling, buying.
 'Mid holly wreaths and lights ablaze,
 We gather for our girls and boys
 To-morrow's wonder and amaze—
 Their Christmas is a time of toys.



AT EVE, on our Broad Way of life,
 Whilst sharp and bitter blasts are blowing,
 The world with kindliness is rife,
 As Heaven gathers for bestowing
 On us, earth-children that we are,
 Mysterious gifts and sudden joys:
 And under Bethlehem's guiding star
 We find, next morn, God's wondrous toys.

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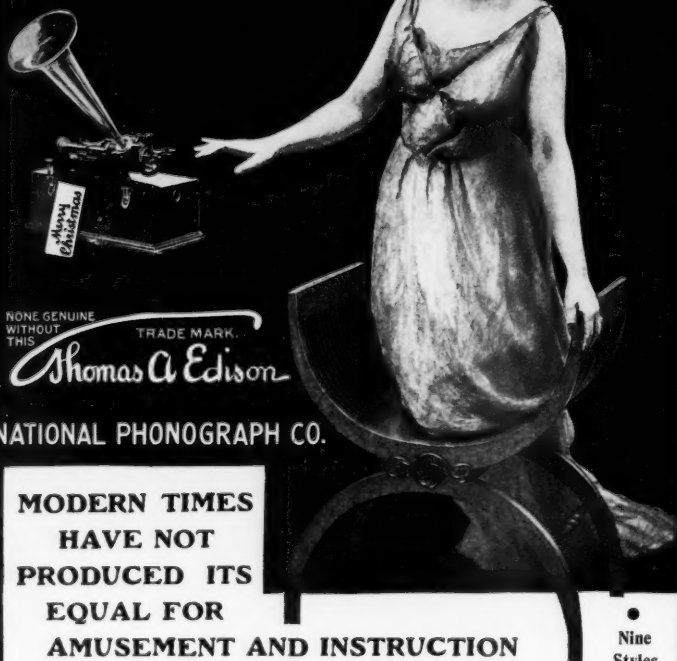
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DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER

SLEIGHING IN THE PARK

*"Oh the joyousness and jingle
Of that maddest, merriest lark,*

*When the air with frost's a-tingle,
And there's sleighing in the Park!"*

road; the sun glowed on his broad back and struck fire on his spurs, then horse and rider were gone into the green shadows of the woods.

To play spy was not included in Lansing's duties as he understood them. He gave one disgusted glance after the canoe, shrugged, set fire to the tobacco in his pipe, and started slowly along the river toward O'Hara's, with a vague idea of lending counsel, aid and countenance to his president during the expected interview with Munn.

At the turn of the road he met Major Brent and old Peter, the head keeper. The latter stood polishing the barrels of his shotgun with a red bandanna; the major was fuming and wagging his head.

"Doctor," he called out when Lansing appeared; "Peter says they raised the devil down at O'Hara's last night! This can't go on, d'ye see! No, by Heaven!"

"What were they doing, Peter?" asked Lansing, coming up to where the old man stood.

"Them Shinin' Banders? Waal, sir, they was kinder rigged out in white night-gounds—robes o' Jordan they call 'em—an' they had rubbed some kind o' shiny stuff—like matches—all over these there night-gounds, an' then they sang a spell, an' then they all sot down on the edge o' the river."

"Is that all?" asked Lansing, laughing.

"Wait!" growled the major.

"Waal," continued old Peter, "the shinin' stuff on them night-gounds was that bright that I seen the fishes swimmin' round kinder dazed like. 'Gosh!' sez I to m'self, 'it's like a Jack a-drawin' them trout—yaas'r. So I hollers out, 'Here! You Shinin' Band folk, you air a-drawin' the trout. Quit it!' sez I, ha'sh an' pert-like. Then that there Munn, the Prophet, he up an' hollers, 'Hark how the heathen rage!' he hollers. An' with that, blamed if he didn't sling a big net into the river, an' all them Shinin' Banders ketched holt an' they drewed it clean up-stream. 'Quit that!' I hollers, 'it's agin the game laws!' But the Prophet he hollers back, 'Hark how the heathen rage!' Then they drewed that there net out, an' it were full o' trout, big an' little—"

"Great Heaven!" roared the major, black in the face.

"I think," said Lansing quietly, "that I'll walk down to O'Hara's and reason with our friend Munn. Sprowl may want a man to help him in this matter."

III

WHEN Sprowl galloped his sorrel mare across the bridge and up to the O'Hara house, he saw a man and a young girl

seated on the grass of the river bank, under the shade of an enormous elm.

Sprowl dismounted heavily and led his horse toward the couple under the elm. He recognized Munn in the thin, long-haired, full-bearded man who rose to face him; and he dropped the bridle from his hand, freeing the sorrel mare.

The two men regarded each other in silence; the mare strayed leisurely up-stream, cropping the fresh grass; the young girl turned her head toward Sprowl with a curious movement, as though listening rather than looking.

"Mr. Munn, I believe," said Sprowl in a low voice.

"The Reverend Amasa Munn," corrected the Prophet quietly. "You are Peyster Sprowl."

Sprowl turned and looked full at the girl on the grass. The shadow of her big straw hat fell across her eyes; she faced him intently.

Sprowl glanced at his mare, whistled, and turned squarely on his heel, walking slowly along the river bank. The sorrel followed like a dog; presently Munn stood up and deliberately stalked off after Sprowl, rejoining that gentleman a few rods down the river bank.

"Well," said Sprowl, turning suddenly on Munn, "what are you doing here?"

From his lank height Munn's eyes were nevertheless scarcely level with the eyes of the burly president.

"I'm here," said Munn, "to sell the land."

"I thought so," said Sprowl curtly. "How much?"

Munn picked a buttercup and bit off the stem. With the blossom between his teeth he surveyed the sky, the river, the forest, and then the features of Sprowl.

"How much?" asked Sprowl impatiently.

Munn named a sum that staggered Sprowl, but Munn could perceive no tremor in the fat blank face before him.

"And if we refuse?" suggested Sprowl.

Munn only looked at him.

Sprowl repeated the question.

"Well," observed Munn, stroking his beard reflectively, "there's that matter of the title."

This time Sprowl went white to his fat ears. Munn merely glanced at him, then looked at the river.

"I will buy the title this time," said Sprowl hoarsely.

"You can't," said Munn.

A terrible shock struck through Sprowl; he saw through a mist; he laid his hand on a tree-trunk for support, mechanically facing Munn all the while.

"Can't!" he repeated with dry lips.

"No, you can't buy it."

"Why?"

"O'Hara's daughter has it."

"But—she will sell! Won't she sell? Where is she?"

burst out Sprowl.

"She won't sell," said Munn, studying the ghastly face of the president.

"You can make her sell," said Sprowl. "What is your price?"

"I can't make her sell the title to your Club property," said Munn.

"She'll sell this land here. Take it or leave it."

"If I take it—will you leave?" asked Sprowl hoarsely.

Munn smiled, then nodded.

"And will that shut your mouth, you dirty scoundrel?" said Sprowl, gripping his riding-crop till his fat finger-nails turned white.

"It will shut my mouth," said Munn, still with his fixed smile.

"How much extra to keep this matter of the title quiet—as long as I live?"

"As long as you live?" repeated Munn, surprised.

"Yes, I don't care a blame what they say of me after I'm dead," snarled Sprowl.

Munn watched him for a moment, plucked another buttercup, pondered, smoothed out his rich brown silky beard, and finally mentioned a second sum.

Sprowl drew a check-book from the breast-pocket of his coat, and filled in two checks with a fountain pen. These he held up before Munn's snapping, yellowish eyes.

"This blackmail," said Sprowl thickly, "is paid now for the last time. If you come after me again you come to your death, for I'll smash your skull in with one blow and take my chances to prove insanity. And I've enough money to prove it."

Munn waited.

"I'll buy you this last time," continued Sprowl, recovering his self-command. "Now, you tell me where O'Hara's child is and how you are going to prevent her from ever pressing that suit which he dropped."

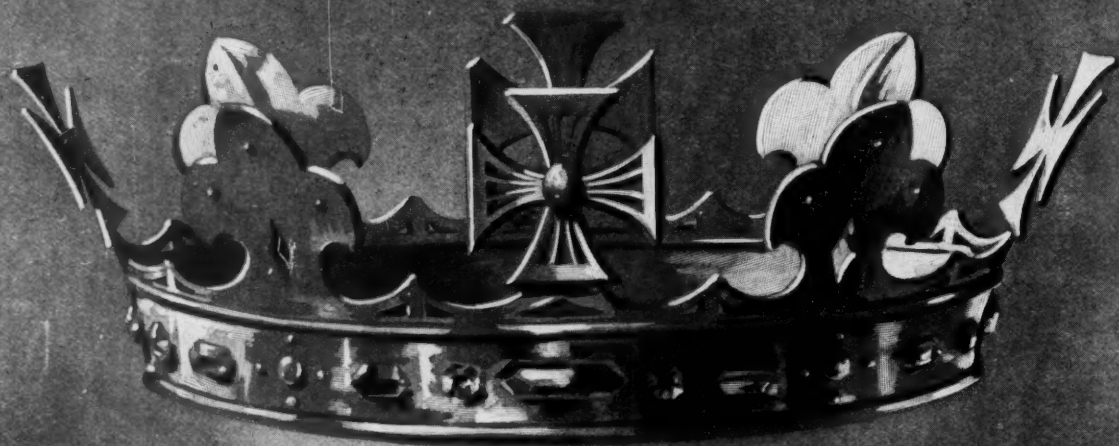
"O'Hara's daughter is here. I control her," said Munn quietly.

"You mean she's one of your infernal flock?" demanded Sprowl.

"One of the Shining Band," said Munn, with a trace of a whine in his voice.

"Where are the papers in that proceeding, then? You said O'Hara burned them, you liar!"

THE SOVEREIGN SOAP



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HIS MAJESTY THE KING

THE SHINING BAND By Robert W. Chambers

"She has them in a box in her bedroom," replied Munn. "Does she know what they mean?" asked Sprowl faintly. "No—but I do," replied Munn, with his ominous smile. "How do you know she does not understand their meaning?" asked Sprowl. "Because," replied Munn, laughing, "she can't read." Sprowl did not believe him, but he was at his mercy. He stood with his heavy head hanging, pondering a moment, then whistled his sorrel. The mare came to him and laid her dusty nose on his shoulder.

"You see these checks?" he said. Munn assented. "You get them when you put those papers in my hands. Understand? And when you bring me the deed of this cursed property here—house and all." "A week from to-day," said Munn; his voice shook in spite of him. Few men can face sudden wealth with a yawn.

"And after that—" began Sprowl, and glared at Munn with such a fury that the Prophet hastily stepped backward and raised a nervous hand to his beard.

"It's a square deal," he said; and Sprowl knew that he meant it, at least for the present.

The president mounted heavily and sought his bridle and stirrups.

"I'll meet you here in a week from to-day, hour for hour. I'll give you twenty-four hours after that to pack up and move, oag and baggage."

"Done," said Munn. "Then get out of my way, you filthy beast!" growled Sprowl, swinging his horse and driving the spurs in.

Munn fell back with a cry; the horse plunged past, brushing him, tearing out across the pasture, over the bridge; and far down the stony road Munn heard the galloping. He had been close to death; he did not quite know whether Sprowl had meant murder or whether it was carelessness or his own fault that the horse had not struck him and ground him into the sod.

However it was, he conceived a new respect for Sprowl, and promised himself that if he ever was obliged to call again upon Sprowl for financial assistance he would do it through a telephone.

A dozen women, dressed alike in a rather pretty gray uniform, were singing up by the house; he looked at them with a sneer, then walked back along the river to where the young girl still sat under the elm.

"I want to talk to you," he said abruptly, "and I don't want any more refusals or reasons or sentiments. I want to see the papers in that steel box."

She turned toward him in that quaint, hesitating, listening attitude.

"The Lord," he said, more cheerfully, "has put it into my head that we must journey once more. I've had a prayerful wrestle out yonder, and I see light. The Lord tells me to sell this land to the strangers without the gates, and I'm going to sell it to the glory of God."

"How can you sell it?" said the girl quietly.

"Isn't all our holdings in common?" demanded Munn sharply.

"You know that I am not one of you," said the girl. "Yes, you are," said Munn; "you don't want to be because the light has been denied you, but I've sealed you and sanctified you to the Shining Band and you just can't help being one of us. Besides," he continued, with an ugly smile, "I'm your legal guardian."

This was a lie; but she did not know it.

"So I want to see those papers," he added.

"Why?" she asked.

"Oh, legal matters; I've got to examine 'em or I can't sell this land."

"Father told me not to open the box until . . . I found an . . . honest man," she said steadily.

Munn glared at her. She had caught him in a lie years ago; she never forgot it.

"Where's the key?" he demanded.

She was silent.

"I'll give you till supper time to find that key," said Munn confidently, and walked on toward the house.

But before he had fairly emerged from the shadow of the elm he met Lansing face to face, and the young man halted him with a pleasant greeting, asking if he were not the Reverend Doctor Munn.

"That's my name," said Munn briefly.

"I was looking for Mr. Sprowl; I thought to meet him here; we were to speak to you about the netting of trout in the river," said Lansing good-humoredly.

Munn regarded him in sulky silence.

"It won't do," continued Lansing, smiling; "if you net trout you'll have the wardens after you."

"Oh! and I suppose you'll furnish the information," sneered Munn.

"I certainly will," replied Lansing.

Munn had retraced his steps toward the river. As the men passed before Eileen O'Hara, Lansing raised his cap. She did not return his salute; she looked toward the spot where he and Munn had halted, and her face bore that quaint, listening expression, almost pitifully sweet, as though she were deaf.

"Peter, our head keeper, saw you netting trout in that pool last night," said Lansing.

Munn examined the water and muttered that the Bible gave him his authority for that sort of fishing.

"He's a fake," thought Lansing, in sudden disgust. Involuntarily he glanced around at the girl under the elm. The beauty of her pale face startled him. Surely innocence looked out of those dark-blue eyes, fixed on him under the shadow of her straw hat. He noted that she also wore the silvery gray uniform of the elect. He turned his eyes toward the house where a dozen women, old and young, were sitting out under the trees, sewing, and singing peacefully. The burden of their song came sweetly across the pasture; a golden robin, high in the elm's feathery tip, warbled incessant accompaniment to the breeze and the flowing of water and the far song of the women.

"We don't mean to annoy you," said Lansing quietly; "I for one believe that we shall find you and your community the best of courteous neighbors."

Munn looked at him with his cunning amber-yellow eyes and stroked his beard.

"What do you want anyway?" he said.

"I'll tell you what I want," said Lansing sharply; "I want you and your people to observe the game laws."

"Keep your shirt on, young man," said Munn coarsely, and turned on his heel. Before he had taken the second step, Lansing laid his hand on his shoulder and spun him around, his grip tightening like a vise.

"What y' doing?" snarled Munn, shrinking and squirming, terrified by the violent grasp, the pain of which almost sickened him.

Lansing looked at him, then shoved him out of his path, and carefully rinsed his hands in the stream. Then he laughed and turned around, but Munn was making rapid time toward the house, where the gray-clad women sat singing under the neglected apple trees. The young man's eyes fell on the girl under the elm; she was apparently watching his every movement from those dark-blue eyes under the straw hat.

He took off his cap and went to her, and told her politely how amiable had been his intentions and how stringent the game laws were, and begged her to believe that he intended no discourtesy to her community when he warned them against the wholesale destruction of the trout.

He had a pleasant, low voice, very attractive to women; she smiled and listened, offering no comment.

"And I want to assure you," he ended, "that we at the Club will always respect your boundaries as we know you will respect ours. I fear one of our keepers was needlessly rude last night—from his own account. He's an old man; he supposes that all people know the game laws."

Lansing paused; she bent her head a trifle. After a silence he started on, saying "Good-morning" very pleasantly.

"I wish you would sit down and talk to me," said the girl, without raising her head.

Lansing was too astonished to reply; she turned her head partly toward him as though listening. Something in the girl's attitude arrested his attention; he involuntarily dropped on one knee to see her face. It was in shadow.

"I want to tell you who I am," she said, without looking at him. "I am Eily O'Hara."

Lansing received the communication with perfect gravity. "Your father owned this land?" he asked.

"Yes; I own it now . . . I think."

He was silent, curious, amused.

"I think I do," she repeated; "I have never seen my father's will."

"Doubtless your lawyer has it," he suggested.

"No; I have it. It is in a steel box; I have the key hanging around my neck inside my clothes. I have never opened the box."

"But why do you not open the box?" asked Lansing, smiling.

She hesitated; color crept into her cheeks. "I have waited," she said; "I was alone—my father said—that—that—" She stammered; the rich flush deepened to her neck.

Lansing, completely nonplussed, sat watching the wonderful beauty of that young face.

"My father told me to open it only when I found an honest man in the world," she said slowly.

The undertone of pathos in her voice drove the smile from Lansing's lips.

"Have you found the world so dishonest?" he asked seriously.

"I don't know; I came from Notre Dame de Sainte Croix last year. Mr. Munn was my guardian . . . said he was . . . I suppose he is."

Lansing looked at her in sympathy.

"I am not one of the community," she said. "I only stay because I have no other home but his. I have no money . . . at least I know of none that is mine."

Lansing was silent and attentive.

"I—I heard your voice . . . I wanted to speak to you—to hear you speak to me," she said. A new timidity came into her tone; she raised her head. "I—somehow when you spoke—I felt that you—you were honest." She stammered again, but Lansing's cool voice brought her out of her difficulty and painful shyness.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"I'm Dr. Lansing," he said.

"Will you open my steel box and read my papers for me?" she inquired innocently.

"I will—if you wish," he said impulsively; "if you think it wise. But I think you had better read the papers for yourself."

"Why, I can't read," she said, apparently surprised that he should not know it.

"You mean that you were not taught to read in your convent school?" he asked incredulously.

A curious little sound escaped her lips; she raised both slender hands and unpinned her hat. Then she turned her head to his.

The deep-blue beauty of her eyes thrilled him; then he started and leaned forward, closer, closer to her exquisite face.

"My child," he cried softly, "my poor child!" And she smiled and fingered the straw hat in her lap.

"Will you read my father's papers for me?" she said.

"Yes—yes—if you wish. Yes, indeed!" After a moment he said: "How long have you been blind?"

I V

THAT evening at dusk Lansing came into the Club and went directly to his room. He carried a small, shabby satchel; and when he had locked his door he opened the satchel and drew from it a flat steel box.

For half an hour he sat by his open window in the quiet starlight, considering the box, turning it over and over in his hands. At length he opened his trunk, placed the box inside, locked the trunk and noiselessly left the room.

He encountered Coursay in the hall, and started to pass him with an abstracted nod, then changed his mind and slipped his arm through the arm of his young kinsman.

"Thought you meant to cut me," said Coursay, half laughing, half in earnest.

"Why?" Lansing stopped short; then: "Oh, because you played the fool with Agatha in the canoe? You two will find yourselves in a crankier craft than that if you don't look sharp."

"You have an ugly way of putting it," began Coursay. But Lansing scowled and said:

"Jack, I want advice; I'm troubled, old chap. Come into my room while I dress for dinner. Don't shy and stand on your hind legs; it's not about Agatha Sprowl; it's about me, and I'm in trouble."

The appeal flattered and touched Coursay, who had never expected that he, a weak and spineless backslider, could possibly be of aid or comfort to his self-sufficient and celebrated cousin, Dr. Lansing.

They entered Lansing's rooms; Coursay helped himself to some cognac, and smoked, waiting for Lansing to emerge from his dressing-room.

Presently, bathed, shaved, and in his shirt-sleeves, Lansing came in, tying his tie, a cigarette, unlighted, between his teeth.

"Jack," he said, "give me advice, not as a self-centred, cautious and orderly citizen of Manhattan, but as a young man whose heart leads his head every time! I want that sort of advice; and I can't give it to myself."

"Do you mean it?" demanded Coursay incredulously.

"By Heaven, I do!" returned Coursay, biting his words short as the snap of a whip.

He turned his back to the mirror, lighted his cigarette, took one puff, threw it into the grate. Then he told Coursay what had occurred between him and the young girl under the elm, reciting the facts minutely and exactly as they occurred.

"I have the box in my trunk yonder," he went on; "the poor little thing managed to slip out while Munn was in the barn; I was waiting for her in the road."

After a moment Coursay asked if the girl was stone blind.

"No," said Lansing; "she can distinguish light from darkness; she can even make out form—in the dark; but a strong light completely blinds her."

"Can you help her?" asked Coursay with quick pity.

Lansing did not answer the question, but went on: "It's been coming on—this blindness—since her fifth year; she could always see to read better in dark corners than in a full light. For the last two years she has not been able to see; and she's only twenty, Jack—only twenty."

"Can't you help her?" repeated Coursay, a painful catch in his throat.

"I haven't examined her," said Lansing curtly.

"But—but you are an expert in that sort of thing," protested his cousin; "isn't this in your line?"

"Yes; I sat and talked to her half an hour and did not know she was blind. She has a pair of magnificent deep-blue eyes; nobody, talking to her, could suspect such a thing. Still—her eyes were shaded by her hat."

"What kind of blindness is it?" asked Coursay in a shocked voice.

"I think I know," said Lansing. "I think there can be little doubt that she has a rather unusual form of lamellar cataract."

"Curable?" motioned Coursay.

"I haven't examined her; how could I! But—I'm going to do it."

"And if you operate?" asked Coursay hopefully.

"Operate? Yes—yes, of course. It is needing, you know, with probability of repetition. We expect absorption to do the work for us—bar accidents and other things."

"When will you operate?" inquired Coursay.

Lansing broke out harshly: "God knows! That swindler, Munn, keeps her a prisoner. Doctors long ago urged her to submit to an operation; Munn refused, and he and his deluded women have been treating her by prayer for years—the miserable mountebank!"

"You mean that he won't let you try to help her?"

"I mean just exactly that, Jack."

Coursay got up with his clinched hands swinging and his eager face red as a pippin. "Why, then," he said, "we'll go and get her! Come on; I can't sit here and let such things happen!"

Lansing laughed the laugh of a schoolboy bent on devilry.

"Good old Jack! That's the sort of advice I wanted," he said affectionately. "We may see our names in the morning papers for this; but who cares? We may be arrested for a few unimportant and absurd things; but who cares? Munn will probably sue us; who cares? At any rate, we're reasonably certain of a double-headed column in the yellow press; but do you give a tinker's dam?"

"Not one!" said Coursay calmly.

Then they went down to dinner.

Sprowl, being unwell, dined in his own rooms; Agatha Sprowl was more witty and brilliant and charming than ever; but Coursay did not join her on the veranda that evening and she sat for two hours enduring the platitudes of Colonel Hyssop and Major Brent, and planning serious trouble for Lansing, to whose interference she attributed Coursay's non-appearance.

But Coursay and Lansing had other business in hand that night. Fortune, too, favored them when they arrived at the O'Hara house; for there, leaning on the decaying gate, stood Eileen O'Hara, her face raised to the sky as though seeking in the soft star radiance which fell upon her lids a celestial balm for her sightless eyes.

She was alone; she heard Lansing's step and knew it, too. From within the house came the deadened sound of women's voices singing:

"Light of the earth and sky,
Unbind mine eyes,
Lest I in darkness lie
While my soul dies.
Blind, at Thy feet I fall,
All blindly kneel,
Fainting, Thy name I call;
Touch me and heal!"

In the throbbing hush of the starlight a whippoorwill called three times; the breeze rose in the forest; a little wind came fragrant, puff on puff along the road, stirring the silvery dust.

She laid one slim hand in Lansing's; steadily and noiselessly they traversed the dew-wet meadow, crossed the river by the second bridge, and so came to the dark club-house under the trees.

There was nobody visible except the steward when they entered the hall.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36)



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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

SYNOPSIS OF PARTS I AND II

A group of members at the Grill Club, London, the evening after the great fog of 1897, are endeavoring to detain Sir Andrew —, who is a statesman and a Member of Parliament, and to prevent him from going to the House to speak in advocacy of a certain measure which they hope to defeat. Sir Andrew has a weakness for detective stories, so the genial plotters arrest his attention, first to the extraordinary adventure of Lieutenant Sears, a United States Naval Attaché on his way to Russia, who tells how, while lost in the fog, he accidentally discovered the bodies of the mysteriously murdered Princess Zichy and Lord Chetney, the latter's younger brother Arthur being suspected of the crime. After listening to this startling tale, Sir Andrew makes another effort to get away, when a second clubman holds him with an interesting personal reminiscence of the aforesaid Princess Zichy. In this second story, the narrator, who is a Queen's Messenger, recounts a clever but unsuccessful attempt of the "Princess" to rob him of a diamond necklace which he was carrying as a gift from the Queen of England to the Czarina of Russia.

PART III

THE SOLICITOR'S STORY



SIR ANDREW rose with disapproval written in every lineament.

"I thought your story would bear upon the murder," he said. "Had I imagined it would have nothing whatsoever to do with it I would not have remained." He pushed back his chair and bowed stiffly. "I wish you good-night," he said.

There was a chorus of remonstrance, and under cover of this and the Baronet's answering protests a servant for the second time slipped a piece of paper into the hand of the gentleman with the pearl stud. He read the lines written upon it and tore it into tiny fragments.

The youngest member, who had remained an interested but silent listener to the tale of the Queen's Messenger, raised his hand commandingly.

"Sir Andrew," he cried, "in justice to Lord Arthur Chetney I must ask you to be seated. He has been accused in our hearing of a most serious crime, and I insist that you remain until you have heard me clear his character."

"You!" cried the Baronet.

"Yes," answered the young man briskly. "I would have spoken sooner," he explained, "but that I thought this gentleman"—he inclined his head toward the Queen's Messenger—"was about to contribute some facts of which I was ignorant. He, however, has told us nothing, and so I will take up the tale at the point where Lieutenant Sears laid it down and give you those details of which Lieutenant Sears is ignorant. It seems strange to you that I should be able to add the sequel to this story. But the coincidence, when explained, is obvious enough. I am the junior member of the law firm of Chudleigh & Chudleigh. We have been solicitors for the Chetneys for the last two hundred years. Nothing,

no matter how unimportant, which concerns Lord Edam and his two sons is unknown to us, and naturally we are acquainted with every detail of the terrible catastrophe of last night."

The Baronet, bewildered but eager, sank back into his chair.

"Will you be long, sir?" he demanded.

"I shall endeavor to be brief," said the young solicitor; "and," he added, in a tone which gave his words almost the weight of a threat, "I promise to be interesting."

"There is no need to promise that," said Sir Andrew, "I find it much too interesting as it is." He glanced ruefully at the clock and turned his eyes quickly from it.

"Tell the driver of that hansom," he called to the servant, "that I take him by the hour."

"For the last three days," began young Mr. Chudleigh, "as you have probably read in the daily papers, 'the Marquis of Edam has been at the point of death, and his physicians have never left his house. Every hour he seemed to grow weaker; but although his bodily strength is apparently leaving him forever, his mind has remained clear and active. Late yesterday evening, word was received at our office that he wished my father to come at once to Chetney House and to bring with him certain papers. What these papers were is not essential; I mention them only to explain how it was that last night I happened to be at Lord Edam's bedside. I accompanied my father to Chetney House, but at the time we reached there Lord Edam was sleeping and his physicians refused to have him awakened. My father urged that he should be allowed to receive Lord Edam's instructions concerning the documents, but the physicians would not disturb him, and we all gathered in the library to wait until he should awake of his own accord. It was about one o'clock in the morning, while we were still there, that Inspector Lyle and the officers from Scotland Yard came to arrest Lord Arthur on the charge of murdering his brother. You can imagine our dismay and distress. Like every one else, I had learned from the afternoon papers that Lord Chetney was not dead, but that he had returned to England. And on arriving at Chetney House I had been told that Lord Arthur had gone to the Bath Hotel to look for his brother and to inform him that if he wished to see their father alive he must come to him at once. Although it was now past one o'clock, Arthur had not returned. None of us knew where Madame Zichy had lived, so we could not go to recover Lord Chetney's body. We spent a most miserable night, hastening to the window whenever a cab came into the square, in the hope that it was Arthur returning, and endeavoring to explain away the facts that pointed to him as the murderer. I am a friend of Arthur's, I was with him at Harrow and at Oxford, and I refused to believe for an instant that he was capable of such a crime; but as a lawyer I could not help but see that the circumstantial evidence was strongly against him."

"Toward early morning Lord Edam awoke, and in so much better a state of health that he refused to make the changes in the papers which he had intended, declaring that he was no nearer death than ourselves. Under other circumstances, this happy change in him would have relieved us greatly, but none of us could think of anything save the death of his elder son and of the charge which hung over Arthur."

"As long as Inspector Lyle remained in the house my father decided that I, as one of the legal advisers of the family, should also remain there. But there was little for either of us to do. Arthur did not return, and nothing occurred until late this morning, when Lyle received word

that the Russian servant had been arrested. He at once drove to Scotland Yard to question him. He came back to us in an hour, and informed me that the servant had refused to tell anything of what had happened the night before, or of himself, or of the Princess Zichy. He would not even give them the address of her house."

"He is in abject terror," Lyle said. "I assured him that he was not suspected of the crime, but he would tell me nothing."

"There were no other developments until two o'clock this afternoon, when word was brought to us that Arthur had been found, and that he was lying in the Accident Ward of St. George's Hospital. Lyle and I drove there together, and found him propped up in bed with his head bound in a bandage. He had been brought to the hospital the night before by the driver of a hansom that had run over him in the fog. The cab-horse had kicked him on the head, and he had been carried in unconscious. There was nothing on him to tell who he was, and it was not until he came to his senses this afternoon that the hospital authorities had been able to send word to his people. Lyle at once informed him that he was under arrest, and with what he was charged, and though the Inspector warned him to say nothing which might be used against him, I, as his solicitor, instructed him to speak freely and to tell us all he knew of the occurrences of last night. It was evident to any one that the fact of his brother's death was of much greater concern to him than that he was accused of his murder."

"That—" Arthur said contemptuously, "that is damned nonsense. It is monstrous and cruel. We parted better friends than we have been in years. I will tell you all that happened—not to clear myself, but to help you to find out the truth." His story is as follows: Yesterday afternoon, owing to his constant attendance on his father, he did not look at the evening papers, and it was not until after dinner, when the butler brought him one and told him of its contents, that he learned that his brother was alive and at the Bath Hotel. He drove there at once, but was told that about eight o'clock his brother had gone out, but without giving any clue to his destination. As Chetney had not at once come to see his father, Arthur decided that he was still angry with him, and his mind, turning naturally to the cause of their quarrel, determined him to look for Chetney at the home of the Princess Zichy."

"Her house had been pointed out to him, and though he had never visited it, he had passed it many times and knew its exact location. He accordingly drove in that direction, as far as the fog would permit the hansom to go, and walked the rest of the way, reaching the house about nine o'clock. He rang, and was admitted by the Russian servant. The man took his card into the drawing-room, and at once his brother ran out and welcomed him. He was followed by the Princess Zichy, who also received Arthur most cordially."

"You brothers will have much to talk about," she said. "I am going to the dining-room. When you have finished, let me know."

"As soon as she had left them, Arthur told his brother that their father was not expected to outlive the night and that he must come to him at once."

"This is not the time to remember your quarrel," Arthur said to him; "you have come back from the dead only in time to make your peace with him before he dies."

"Arthur says that Chetney was greatly moved at what he told him."

"You entirely misunderstand me, Arthur," he returned



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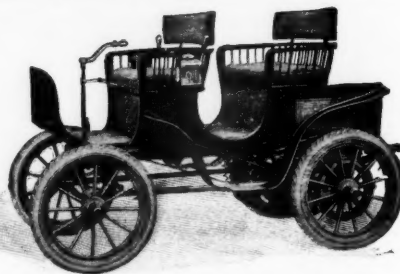
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"Do you mean that?" Arthur cried.

"Yes," Chetney answered. "When I returned to London I had no intention of seeking her again and I am here only through a mistake." He then told Arthur that he had separated from the Princess even before he went to Central Africa, and that, moreover, while at Cairo on his way south, he had learned certain facts concerning her life there during the previous season which made it impossible for him to ever wish to see her again. Their separation was final and complete.

"She deceived me cruelly," he said; "I cannot tell you how cruelly. During the two years when I was trying to obtain the governor's consent to our marriage she was in love with a Russian diplomat. During all that time he was secretly visiting her here in London, and her trip to Cairo was only an excuse to meet him there."

"Yet you are here with her to-night," Arthur protested, "only a few hours after your return."

"That is easily explained," Chetney answered. "I had just finished dinner to-night at the hotel when I received a note from her from this address. In it she said she had just learned of my arrival, and begged me to come to her at once. She wrote that she was in great and present trouble, dying of an incurable illness, and without friends or money. She begged me, for the sake of old times, to come to her assistance. During the last two years in the jungle all my former feeling for Zichy has utterly passed away from me, but no one could have dismissed the appeal she made in that letter. So I drove here, and found her, as you have seen her, quite as beautiful as she ever was, in very good health and, from the look of the house, in no need of money."

"I asked her what she meant by writing me that she was dying in a garret, and she laughed and said she had done so because she was afraid unless I thought she needed help I would not try to see her. That was where we were when you arrived. And now," Chetney added, "I will say good-by to her, and you had better return home. No, you can trust me. I shall follow you at once. She has no influence over me now, but I believe, in spite of the way she has used me, that she is still fond of me after her queer fashion, and when she learns that this good-by is final there may be a scene. And it is not fair to her that you should be here. So, go home at once, and tell the governor that I am following you in ten minutes."

"That," said Arthur, "is the way we parted. I never left him on more friendly terms. I was happy to see him alive again, I was happy to think he had returned in time to make up his quarrel with my father, and I was happy that at last he was shut of that woman. I was never better pleased with him in my life." He turned to Inspector Lyle, who was sitting at the foot of the bed taking notes of all he told us.

"Why in the name of common-sense," he cried, "should I have chosen that moment of all others to send my brother back to the grave again?" For a moment the Inspector did not answer him. I do not know if any of you gentlemen are acquainted with Inspector Lyle, but if you are not, I should tell you that he is a very remarkable man. Our firm often applies to him for aid, and he has never failed us yet; my father has the greatest possible respect for him. Where he has the advantage over the ordinary police official is in the fact that he possesses imagination. He imagines himself to be the criminal, imagines how he would act under the same circumstances, and he imagines to such purpose that he generally finds the man he wants. I have often told Lyle that if he had not been a detective he would have made a great success as a poet or a playwright.

"When Arthur turned on him Lyle hesitated for a moment, and then told him exactly what was the case against him."

"Ever since your brother was reported as having died in Africa," he said, "your Lordship has been collecting money on post obits. Lord Chetney's arrival last night turned them into waste paper. You were suddenly in debt for thousands of pounds—for much more than you could ever possibly pay. No one knew that you and your brother had met at Madame Zichy's. But you knew that your father was not expected to outlive the night, and that if your brother were dead also, you would be saved from complete ruin, and that you would become the Marquis of Edam."

"Oh, that is how you have worked it out, is it?" Arthur cried. "And for me to become Lord Edam was it necessary that the woman should die, too?"

"They will say," Lyle answered, "that she was a witness to the murder—that she would have told."

"Then why did I not kill the servant as well?" Arthur said.

"He was asleep, and saw nothing."

"And you believe that?" Arthur demanded.

"It is not a question of what I believe," Lyle said gravely. "It is a question for your peers."

"The man is insolent!" Arthur cried. "The thing is monstrous! Horrible!"

"Before we could stop him he sprang out of his cot and began pulling on his clothes. When the nurses tried to hold him down, he fought with them."

"Do you think you can keep me here," he shouted, "when they are plotting to hang me? I am going with you to that house!" he cried at Lyle. "When you find those bodies I shall be beside you. It is my right. He is my brother. He has been murdered, and I can tell you who murdered him. That woman murdered him. She first ruined his life, and now she has killed him. For the last five years she has been plotting to make herself his wife, and last night, when he told her he had discovered the truth about the Russian, and that she would never see him again, she flew into a passion and stabbed him, and then, in terror of the gallows, killed herself. She murdered him, I tell you, and I promise you that we will find the knife she used near her—perhaps, still in her hand. What will you say to that?"

"Lyle turned his head away and stared down at the floor. 'I might say,' he answered, 'that you placed it there.'"

"Arthur gave a cry of anger and sprang at him, and then pitched forward into his arms. The blood was running from the cut under the bandage, and he had fainted. Lyle carried him back to the bed again, and we left him with the police and the doctors, and drove at once to the address he had given us. We found the house not three minutes' walk from St. George's Hospital. It stands in Trevor Terrace, that little row of houses set back from Knightsbridge with one end in Hill Street."

"As we left the hospital Lyle had said to me, 'You must not blame me for treating him as I did. All is fair in this work, and if by angering that boy I could have made him commit himself I was right in trying to do so; though, I assure you, no one would be better pleased than myself if I could prove his theory to be correct. But we cannot tell. Everything depends upon what we see for ourselves within the next few minutes.'"

"When we reached the house, Lyle broke open the fastenings of one of the windows on the ground floor and, hidden by the trees in the garden, we scrambled through it. We found ourselves in the reception-room, which was the first room on the right of the hall. The gas was still burning behind the colored glass and red silk shades, and when the daylight streamed in after us it gave the hall a hideously dissipated look, like the foyer of a theatre at a matinee or the entrance to an all-day gambling hell. The house was oppressively silent, and because we knew why it was so silent we spoke in whispers. When Lyle turned the handle of the drawing-room door, I felt as though some one had put his hand upon my throat. But I followed close at his shoulder, and saw, in the subdued light of many-tinted lamps, the body of Chetney at the foot of the divan, just as Lieutenant Sears has described it. In the dining-room we found upon the floor the body of the Princess Zichy, her arms thrown out, and the blood from her heart frozen in a tiny line across her bare shoulder. But neither of us, although we searched the floor on our hands and knees, could find the weapon which had killed her."

"For Arthur's sake," I said, "I would give a thousand pounds if we had found the knife in her hand, as he said we would."

"That we have not found it there," Lyle answered, "is to my mind the strongest proof that he is telling the truth, that he left the house before the murder took place. He is



"IT IS MONSTROUS AND CRUEL. WE PARTED BETTER FRIENDS THAN WE HAVE BEEN IN YEARS"

not a fool, and had he stabbed his brother and this woman he would have seen that by placing the knife near her he could help to make it appear as if she had killed Chetney and then committed suicide. Besides, Lord Arthur insisted that the evidence in his behalf would be our finding the knife here. He would not have urged that if he knew we would not find it, if he knew he himself had carried it away. This is no suicide. A suicide does not rise and hide the weapon with which he kills himself, and then lie down again. No, this has been a double murder, and we must look outside of the house for the murderer."

"While he was speaking Lyle and I had been searching every corner, studying the details of each room. I was so afraid that, without telling me, he would make some deductions prejudicial to Arthur that I never left his side. I was determined to see everything that he saw, and, if possible, to prevent his interpreting it in the wrong way. He finally finished his examination, and we sat down together in the drawing-room, and he took out his notebook and read aloud all Mr. Sears had told him of the murder and what we had just learned from Arthur. We compared the two accounts word for word, and weighed statement with statement. But I could not determine from anything Lyle said which of the two versions he had decided to believe."

"We are trying to build a house of blocks," he exclaimed, "with half of the blocks missing. We have been considering two theories," he went on: "one that Lord Arthur is responsible for both murders, and the other that the dead woman in there is responsible for one of them and has committed suicide; but, until the Russian servant is ready to talk, I shall refuse to believe in the guilt of either."

"What can you prove by him?" I asked. "He was drunk and asleep. He saw nothing."

"Lyle hesitated, and then, as though he had made up his mind to be quite frank with me, spoke freely."

"I do not know that he was either drunk or asleep," he answered. "Lieutenant Sears describes him as a stupid boor. I am not satisfied that he is not a clever actor. What was his position in this house? What was his real duty here? Suppose it was not to guard this woman, but to watch her. Let us imagine that it was not the woman he served, but a master, and see where that leads us. For this house has a master, a mysterious, absentee landlord, who lives in St. Petersburg, the unknown Russian who came between Chetney and Zichy and because of whom Chetney left her. He is the man who bought this house for Madame Zichy, who sent these rugs and curtains from Petersburg to furnish it for her after

his own tastes, and, I believe, it was he also who placed the Russian servant here, ostensibly to serve the Princess, but in reality to spy upon her. At Scotland Yard we do not know who this gentleman is; the Russian police confess to equal ignorance concerning him. When Lord Chetney went to Africa, Madame Zichy lived in St. Petersburg; but there her receptions and dinners were so crowded with members of the nobility and of the army and diplomats, that among so many visitors the police could not learn which was the one for whom she most greatly cared."

"Lyle pointed at the modern French paintings and the heavy silk rugs which hung upon the walls."

"The unknown is a man of taste and of some fortune," he said, "not the sort of man to send a stupid peasant to guard the woman he loves. So I am not content to believe, with Mr. Sears, that the man is a boor. I believe him instead to be a very clever ruffian. I believe him to be the protector of his master's honor, or, let us say, of his master's property, whether that property be silver plate or the woman his master loves. Last night, after Lord Arthur had gone away, the servant was left alone in this house with Lord Chetney and Madame Zichy. From where he sat in the hall he could hear Lord Chetney bidding her farewell; for, if my idea of him is correct, he understands English quite as well as you or I. Let us imagine that he heard her entreating Chetney not to leave her, reminding him of his former wish to marry her, and let us suppose that he hears Chetney denounce her, and tell her that at Cairo he has learned of this Russian admirer—the servant's master. He hears the woman declare that she has had no admirer but himself, that this unknown Russian was, and is, nothing to her, that there is no man she loves but him, and that she cannot live, knowing that he is alive, without his love. Suppose Chetney believed her, suppose his former infatuation for her returned, and that in a moment of weakness he forgave her and took her in his arms. That is the moment the Russian master has feared. It is to guard against it that he has placed his watchdog over the Princess, and how do we know but that, when the moment came, the watchdog served his master, as he saw his duty, and killed them both? What do you think?" Lyle demanded. "Would not that explain both murders?"

"I was only too willing to hear any theory which pointed to any one else as the criminal than Arthur, but Lyle's explanation was too utterly fantastic. I told him that he certainly showed imagination, but that he could not hang a man for what he only imagined he had done."

"No," Lyle answered, "but I can frighten him by telling him what I think he has done, and now when I again question the Russian servant I will make it quite clear to him that I believe he is the murderer. I think that will open his mouth. A man will at least talk to defend himself. Come," he said, "we must return at once to Scotland Yard and see him. There is nothing more to do here."

"He arose, and I followed him into the hall, and in another minute we would have been on our way to Scotland Yard. But just as he opened the street door a postman halted at the gate of the garden, and began fumbling with the latch."

"Lyle stopped, with an exclamation of chagrin."

"How stupid of me!" he exclaimed. He turned quickly and pointed to a narrow slit cut in the brass plate of the front door. "The house has a private letter-box," he said, "and I had not thought to look in it! If we had gone out as we came in, by the window, I would never have seen it. The moment I entered the house I should have thought of securing the letters which came this morning. I have been grossly careless." He stepped back into the hall and pulled at the lid of the letter-box, which hung on the inside of the door, but it was tightly locked. At the same moment the postman came up the steps holding a letter. Without a word Lyle took it from his hand and began to examine it. It was addressed to the Princess Zichy, and on the back of the envelope was the name of a West End dressmaker."

"That is no use to me," Lyle said. He took out his card and showed it to the postman. "I am Inspector Lyle from Scotland Yard," he said. "The people in this house are under arrest. Everything it contains is now in my keeping. Did you deliver any other letters here this morning?"

"The man looked frightened, but answered promptly that he was now upon his third round. He had made one postal delivery at seven that morning and another at eleven."

"How many letters did you leave here?" Lyle asked.

"About six altogether," the man answered.

"Did you put them through the door into the letter-box?"

"The postman said, 'Yes, I always slip them into the box, and ring and go away. The servants collect them from the inside.'"

"Have you noticed if any of the letters you leave here bear a Russian postage stamp?" Lyle asked.

"The man answered, 'Oh, yes, sir, a great many.'"

"From the same person, would you say?"

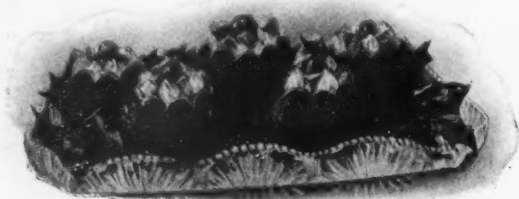
"The writing seems to be the same," the man answered. "They come regularly about once a week—one of those I delivered this morning had a Russian postmark."

"That will do," said Lyle eagerly. "Thank you, thank you very much."

"He ran back into the hall, and, pulling out his penknife, began to pick at the lock of the letter-box."

"I have been supremely careless," he said in great excitement. "Twice before when people I wanted had flown from a house I have been able to follow them by putting a guard over their mailbox. These letters, which arrive regularly every week from Russia in the same handwriting—they can come but from one person. At least, we shall now know the name of the master of this house. Undoubtedly it is one of his letters that the man placed here this morning. We may make a most important discovery."

"As he was talking he was picking at the lock with his knife, but he was so impatient to reach the letters that he pressed too heavily on the blade and it broke in his hand. I took a step backward and drove my heel into the lock, and burst it open. The lid flew back, and we pressed forward, and each ran his hand down into the letter-box. For a moment we were both too startled to move. The box was empty."



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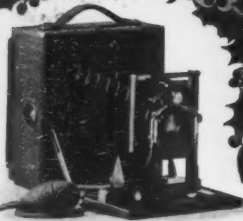
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"I do not know how long we stood staring stupidly at each other, but it was Lyle who was the first to recover. He seized me by the arm and pointed excitedly into the empty box."

"Do you appreciate what that means?" he cried. "It means that some one has been here ahead of us. Some one has entered this house not three hours before we came, since eleven o'clock this morning."

"It was the Russian servant!" I exclaimed.

"The Russian servant has been under arrest at Scotland Yard," Lyle cried. "He could not have taken the letters. Lord Arthur has been in his cot at the hospital. That is his alibi. There is some one else—some one we do not suspect, and that some one is the murderer. He came back here either to obtain those letters because he knew they would convict him, or to remove something he had left here at the time of the murder, something incriminating—the weapon, perhaps, or some personal article: a cigarette-case, a handkerchief with his name upon it, or a pair of gloves. Whatever it was it must have been damning evidence against him to have made him take so desperate a chance."

"How do we know," I whispered, "that he is not hidden here now?"

"No, I'll swear he is not," Lyle answered. "I may have bungled in some things, but I have searched this house thoroughly. Nevertheless," he added, "we must go over it again, from the cellar to the roof. We have the real clew now, and we must forget the others and work only it." As he spoke he began again to search the drawing-room, turning over even the books on the tables and the music on the piano.

"Whoever the man is," he said over his shoulder, "we know that he has a key to the front door and a key to the letter-box. That shows us he is either an inmate of the house or that he comes here when he wishes. The Russian says that he was the only servant in the house. Certainly we have found no evidence to show that any other servant slept here. There could be but one other person who would possess a key to the house and the letter-box—and he lives in St. Petersburg. At the time of the murder he was two thousand miles away." Lyle interrupted himself suddenly with a sharp cry and turned upon me with his eyes flashing. "But was he?" he cried. "Was he? How do we know that last night he was not in London, in this very house when Zichy and Chetney met here?"

"He stood staring at me without seeing me, muttering, and arguing with himself."

"Don't speak to me," he cried, as I ventured to interrupt him. "I can see it now. It is all plain to me. It was not the servant, but his master, the Russian himself, and it was he who came back for the letters. He came back for them because he knew they would convict him. We must find them. We must have those letters. If we find the one with the Russian postmark, we shall have found the murderer." He spoke like a madman, and as he spoke he ran around the room with one hand held out, in front of him as you have seen a mind-reader at a theatre seeking for something hidden in the stalls. He pulled the old letters from the writing-desk, and ran them over as swiftly as a gambler deals out cards; he dropped, on his knees before the fireplace and dragged out the dead coals with his bare fingers, and then with a low, worried cry, like a hound on a scent, he ran back to the waste-paper basket and, lifting the papers from it, shook them out upon the floor. Instantly he gave a shout of triumph, and, separating a number of torn pieces from the others, held them up before me.

"Look!" he cried. "Do you see? Here are five letters, torn across in two places. The Russian did not stop to read them, for, as you see, he has left them still sealed. I have been wrong. He did not return for the letters. He could not have known their value. He must have returned for some other reason, and, as he was leaving, saw the letter-box, and taking out the letters, held them together—so—and tore them twice across, and then, as the fire had gone out, tossed them into this basket. Look!" he cried, "here in the upper corner of this piece is a Russian stamp. This is his own letter—unopened!"

"We examined the Russian stamp and found it had been cancelled in St. Petersburg four days ago. The back of the envelope bore the postmark of the branch station in upper Sloane Street, and was dated this morning. The envelope was of official blue paper and we had no difficulty in finding the two other parts of it. We drew the torn pieces of the letter from them and joined them together side by side. There were but two lines of writing, and this was the message: 'I leave Petersburg on the night train, and I shall see you at Trevor Terrace after dinner Monday evening.'"

"That was last night!" Lyle cried. "He arrived twelve hours ahead of his letter—but it came in time—it came in time to hang him!"

The Baronet struck the table with his hand.

"The name!" he demanded. "How was it signed? What was the man's name?"

The young solicitor rose to his feet and, leaning forward, stretched out his arm. "There was no name," he cried. "The letter was signed with only two initials. But engraved

at the top of the sheet was the man's address. That address was 'THE AMERICAN EMBASSY, ST. PETERSBURG, BUREAU OF THE NAVAL ATTACHE,' and the initials," he shouted, his voice rising into an exultant and bitter cry, "were those of the gentleman who sits opposite, who told us that he was the first to find the murdered bodies, the Naval Attache to Russia, Lieutenant Ripley Sears!"

A strained and awful hush followed the solicitor's words, which seemed to vibrate in the air like a twanging bowstring which had just hurled its bolt. Sir Andrew, pale and staring, drew away with an exclamation of repulsion. His eyes were fastened upon the Naval Attache with fascinated horror. But the American emitted a sigh of great content and sank comfortably into the arms of his chair. He clapped his hands softly together.

"Capital!" he murmured. "I give you my word I never guessed what you were driving at. You fooled me, I'll be hanged if you didn't—you certainly fooled me."

The man with the pearl stud leaned forward with a nervous gesture. "Hush! be careful!" he whispered. But at that instant, for the third time, a servant hastening through the room, handed him a piece of paper, which he scanned eagerly. The message on the paper read, "The light over the Commons is out. The House has risen."

The man with the black pearl gave a mighty shout, and tossed the paper from him on the table.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "The House is up! We've won!" He caught up his glass and slapped the Naval Attache violently upon the shoulder. He nodded joyously at him, at the Solicitor, and at the Queen's Messenger. "Gentlemen, to you!" he cried; "my thanks and my congratulations!" He drank deep from the glass, and breathed forth a long sigh of satisfaction and relief.

"But I say!" protested the Queen's Messenger, shaking his finger violently at the Solicitor, "that story won't do. You didn't play fair—and—and you talked so fast I couldn't make out what it was all about. I'll bet you that evidence wouldn't hold in a court of law—you couldn't hang a cat on such evidence. Your story is condemned tommy-rot. Now my story might have happened, my story bore the mark—"

In the joy of creation the story-tellers had forgotten their audience until a sudden exclamation from Sir Andrew caused them to turn guiltily toward him. His face was knit with lines of anger, doubt and amazement.

"What does this mean?" he cried. "Is this a jest, or are you mad? If you know this man is a murderer, why is he at large? Is this a game you have been playing? Explain yourselves at once. What does this mean?"

The American, with first a glance at the others, rose and bowed courteously.

"I am not a murderer, Sir Andrew, believe me," he said; "you need not be alarmed. As a matter of fact, at this moment, I am much more afraid of you than you could possibly be of me. I beg you please to be indulgent. I assure you, we meant no disrespect. We have been matching stories, that is all, pretending that we are people we are not, endeavoring to entertain you with better detective tales than, for instance, the last one you read, 'The Great Rand Robbery.'"

The Baronet brushed his hand nervously across his forehead.

"Do you mean to tell me," he exclaimed, "that none of this has happened? That Lord Chetney is not dead, that his Solicitor did not find a letter of yours written from your post in Petersburg, and that just now, when he charged you with murder, he was in jest?"

"I am really very sorry," said the American, "but you see, sir, he could not have found a letter written by me in St. Petersburg because I have never been in Petersburg. Until this week I have never been outside of my own country. I am not a naval officer. I am a writer of short stories. And to-night, when this gentleman told me that you were fond of detective stories, I thought it would be amusing to tell you one of mine—one I had just mapped out this afternoon."

"But Lord Chetney is a real person," interrupted the Baronet, "and he did go to Africa two years ago, and he was supposed to have died there, and his brother, Lord Arthur, has been the heir. And yesterday Chetney did return. I read it in the papers."

"So did I," assented the American soothingly. "And it struck me as being a very good plot for a story. I mean his unexpected return from the dead, and the probable disappointment of the younger brother. So I decided that the younger brother had better murder the older one. The Princess Zichy I invented out of a clear sky. The fog I did not have to invent. Since last night I know all that there is to know about a London fog. I was lost in one for three hours."

The Baronet turned grimly upon the Queen's Messenger. "But this gentleman," he protested. "He is not a writer of short stories; he is a member of the Foreign Office. I have seen him in Whitehall often, and, according to him, the Princess Zichy is not an invention. He says she is very well known—that she tried to rob him."

The servant of the Foreign Office looked unhappily at the Cabinet Minister, and puffed nervously on his cigar.

"It's true, Sir Andrew, that I am a Queen's Messenger," he said appealingly, "and a Russian woman once did try to rob a Queen's Messenger in a railway carriage—only it did not happen to me, but to a pal of mine. The only Russian Princess I ever knew called herself Zabrisky. You may have seen her. She used to do a dive from the roof of the Aquarium."

Sir Andrew, with a snort of indignation, fronted the young Solicitor.

"And I suppose yours was a cock-and-bull story, too," he said. "Of course, it must have been, since Lord Chetney is not dead. But don't tell me," he protested, "that you are not Chudleigh's son either."

"I'm sorry," said the youngest member, smiling in some embarrassment, "but my name is not Chudleigh. I assure you, though, that I know the family very well and that I am on very good terms with them."

"You should be!" exclaimed the Baronet; "and, judging from the liberties you take with the Chetneys, you had better be on very good terms with them, too."

The young man leaned back and glanced toward the servants at the far end of the room.

"It has been so long since I have been in the Club," he said, "that I doubt if even the waiters remember me. Perhaps Joseph may," he added. "Joseph!" he called, and at the word a servant stepped briskly forward.

The young man pointed to the stuffed head of a great lion which was suspended above the fireplace.

"Joseph," he said, "I want you to tell these gentlemen who shot that lion. Who presented it to the Grill?"

Joseph, unused to acting as master of ceremonies to members of the Club, shifted nervously from one foot to the other.

"Why, you—you did," he stammered.

"Of course, I did!" exclaimed the young man. "I mean, what is the name of the man who shot it? Tell the gentlemen who I am. They wouldn't believe me."

"Who you are, my lord?" said Joseph. "You are Lord Edam's son, the Earl of Chetney."

"You men must admit," said Lord Chetney, when the noise had died away, "that I couldn't remain dead while my little brother was accused of murder. I had to do something. Family pride demanded it. Now, Arthur, as the younger brother, can't afford to be squeamish, but personally I should hate to have a brother of mine hanged for murder."

"You certainly showed no scruples against hanging me," said the American, "but in the face of your evidence I admit my guilt, and I sentence myself to pay the full penalty of the law as we are made to pay it in my own country. The order of this Court is," he announced, "that Joseph shall bring me a wine-card, and that I sign it for five bottles of the Club's best champagne."

"Oh, no!" protested the man with the pearl stud, "it is not for you to sign it. In my opinion, it is Sir Andrew who should pay the costs. It is time you knew," he said, turning to that gentleman, "that unconsciously you have been the victim of what I may call a patriotic conspiracy. These stories have had a more serious purpose than merely to amuse. They have been told with the worthy object of detaining you from the House of Commons. I must explain to you, that all through this evening I have had a servant waiting in Trafalgar Square with instructions to bring me word as soon as the light over the House of Commons had ceased to burn. The light is now out, and the object for which we plotted is attained."

The Baronet glanced keenly at the man with the black pearl and then quickly at his watch. The smile disappeared from his lips, and his face was set in stern and forbidding lines.

"And may I know," he asked icily, "what was the object of your plot?"

"A most worthy one," the other retorted. "Our object was to keep you from advocating the expenditure of many millions of the people's money upon more battleships. In a word, we have been working together to prevent you from passing the Navy Increase Bill."

Sir Andrew's face bloomed with brilliant color. His body shook with suppressed emotion.

"My dear sir!" he cried, "you should spend more time at the House and less at your Club. The Navy Bill was brought up on its third reading at eight o'clock this evening. I spoke for three hours in its favor. My only reason for wishing to return again to the House to-night was to sup on the terrace with my old friend, Admiral Simons; for my work at the House was completed five hours ago, when the Navy Increase Bill was passed by an overwhelming majority."

The Baronet rose and bowed. "I have to thank you, sir," he said, "for a most interesting evening."

The American shoved the wine-card which Joseph had given him toward the gentleman with the black pearl.

"You sign it," he said.

THE END



"I HAVE TO THANK YOU, SIR," HE SAID. "FOR A MOST INTERESTING EVENING"

Kate



Bonnet

THE ROMANCE OF A PIRATE'S DAUGHTER

By FRANK R. STOCKTON

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," Etc., Etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Major Stede Bonnet, an eccentric planter of Bridgetown, Barbadoes, conceiving a strange enterprise, buys a ship, enlists a crew of ruffians, puts to sea, and announces to his men that henceforth all are pirates. Kate Bonnet, the Major's daughter, was to have sailed with him, but suspecting the character of the sailors, she escapes to land, where, on account of her stepmother's unfriendliness, she is cared for by Dame Charter, who, with her son Dickory, accompanies Kate to Jamaica, where all are taken to live with Kate's uncle, Delaplaine. At Kate's request Dickory sails back to Barbadoes for news of Bonnet. The ship carrying Dickory to Barbadoes is captured by Pirate Bonnet, but set free again after taking off Dickory. Bonnet puts into Balize, Honduras, the rendezvous of pirates,

and there meets the infamous Blackbeard, who robs him of his ships, sets him ashore, and puts to sea in Bonnet's own vessel, taking Dickory with him. Dickory escapes on an island where Blackbeard stopped for water. Here he meets a marooned family, and all are presently rescued by a passing ship. The news that Bonnet has quit piracy for mercantile pursuits reaches Kate and she sails from Jamaica for Balize. There she meets her father, who rejoins Blackbeard. Kate and her uncle start in pursuit of Bonnet on Captain Ichabod's pirate ship. Running short of provisions, Ichabod holds up a merchantman, which proves to be the ship that rescued Dickory. Kate, her uncle and Dame Charter leave the pirate and take passage for Kingston on the merchantman.

CHAPTER XXXIV

CAPTAIN THOMAS OF THE "ROYAL JAMES"



WHEN BLACKBEARD'S little fleet anchored in Topsail Inlet, Stede Bonnet, who had not been informed of the intentions of the pirate, was a good deal puzzled. Since joining Blackbeard's fleet, in the vessel which came up from Balize, Bonnet had considered himself very shabbily treated, and his reasons for that opinion were not bad. During the engagements off Charles Town, his services had not been required and his opinion had not been consulted, Blackbeard having no use for the one and no respect for the other. The pirate captain had taken a fancy to Ben Greenway, while his contempt for the Scotchman's master increased day by day; and it was for this reason that Greenway had been taken on board the flagship while Bonnet remained on one of the smaller vessels.

Bonnet was in a discontented and somewhat sulky mood, but when Blackbeard's full plans were made known to him, and he found that he might again resume command of his own vessel, the *Revenge*, if he chose to do so, his eyes began to sparkle once more.

Ben Greenway soon resumed his former position with Bonnet, for it did not take Blackbeard very long to settle up his affairs, and in a very short time he became tired of the work of conversion; or, to speak more correctly, of the bore of talking about it. Bonnet was glad to have the Scotchman back again, although he never ceased to declare his desire to get rid of this faithful friend and helper; for, when the *Revenge* again came into his hands, there were many things to be done and few people to help him.

"It will be merchandise an' fair trade this time," said Ben, "an' ye'll find it no' so easy as your piracies, though safer, an' when ye're off to see the Governor an' have got your pardon it'll be a happy day, Master Bonnet, for ye an' for your daughter, an' for your brother-in-law an' everybody in Bridgetown who either knew ye or respected ye."

"No more of that," cried Bonnet; "I did not say I was going to Bridgetown, or that I wanted anybody there to respect me. It is my purpose to fit out the *Revenge* as a privateer and get a commission to sail in her in the war between Spain and the Allies. This will be much more to my taste, Ben Greenway, than trading in sugar and hides."

Greenway was very grave. "There is so little difference," said he, "between a privateer an' a pirate that it is a great strain on a common mind to keep them separate, but a commission from the king is better than a commission from the de'il, an' we'll hope there won't be much o' a war, after all is said and done."

There was not much intercourse between Blackbeard and Bonnet at Topsail Inlet. The pirate was on very good terms with the authorities at that place, who, for their own sakes, cared not much to interfere with him; and Bonnet had his own work in hand and industriously engaged in it. He went to Bath and got his pardon; he procured a clearance for St. Thomas, where he freely announced he intended to take out a commission as privateer, and he fitted out his vessel as best he could. Of men he had not many, but, when he left the Inlet, he sailed down to an island on the coast, where Blackbeard, having had too many men on his return from Charles Town, had marooned a large number of the sailors belonging

to his different crews, finding this the easiest way of getting rid of them. Bonnet took these men on board with the avowed intention of taking them to St. Thomas, and then he set sail upon the high-seas as free and untrammelled as a fish-hawk sweeping over the surface of a harbor with clearance papers tied to his leg.

Stede Bonnet had changed very much since he last trod the quarter-deck of the *Revenge* as her captain. He was not so important to look at and he put on fewer airs of authority, but he issued a great many more commands. In fact, he had learned much about a sailor's life, of navigation and the management of a vessel, and was far better able to command a ship than he had ever been before. He had had a long rest from the position of a pirate captain, and he had not failed to

Bonnet looked at the Scotchman with lofty contempt. "Perhaps you can tell me," said he, "what there is stickin' out from the coast between here an' Ocracoke Inlet, where you yourself told me that Blackbeard had gone with the one sloop he kept for himself?"

"Blackbeard!" shouted the Scotchman; "an' what in the de'il have ye got to do wi' Blackbeard?"

"Do with that infernal dog?" cried Bonnet; "I have everything to do with him before I do aught with anybody or anything beside. He stole from me my possessions; he degraded me from my position; he made me a laughing-stock to my men, and he even made me blush and bow my head with shame before my daughter and my brother-in-law—two people in whose sight I would have stood up grander and bolder than before any others in the world. He took away from me my sword and he gave me instead a wretched pen; he made me nothing, where I had been everything. He even ceased to consider me any more than if I had been the dirty deck under his feet. And then, when he had done with my property and could get no more good out of it, he cast it to me in charity as a man would toss a penny to a beggar. Before I sail anywhere else, Ben Greenway," continued Bonnet, "I sail for Ocracoke Inlet, and when I sight Blackbeard's miserable little sloop I shall pour broadside after broadside into her until I sink his wretched craft with his bedizened carcass on board of it."

"But will your men stand by ye?" cried Greenway; "ye're neither a pirate nor a vessel o' war to enter into a business like that."

Bonnet swore one of his greatest oaths. "There is no business, no war for me, Ben Greenway," he cried, "until I have taught that insolent Blackbeard what manner of man I am."

Ben Greenway was very much disheartened. "If Blackbeard should sink the *Revenge* instead of Master Bonnet sinking him," he said to himself, "and would be kind enough to maroon my old master an' me, it might be the best for everybody after all. Master Bonnet is verra humble-minded an' complacent when bad fortune comes upon him, an' it is my opinion that on a desert island I could weel manage him for the good o' his soul."

But there were no vessels sunk on that cruise. Blackbeard had gone, nobody knew where, and, after a time, Bonnet gave up the search for his old enemy and turned his bow southward. Now Ben Greenway's countenance gleamed once more.

"It'll be a glad day at Spanish Town when Mistress Kate shall get my letter."

"And what have you been writing to her?" cried Bonnet.

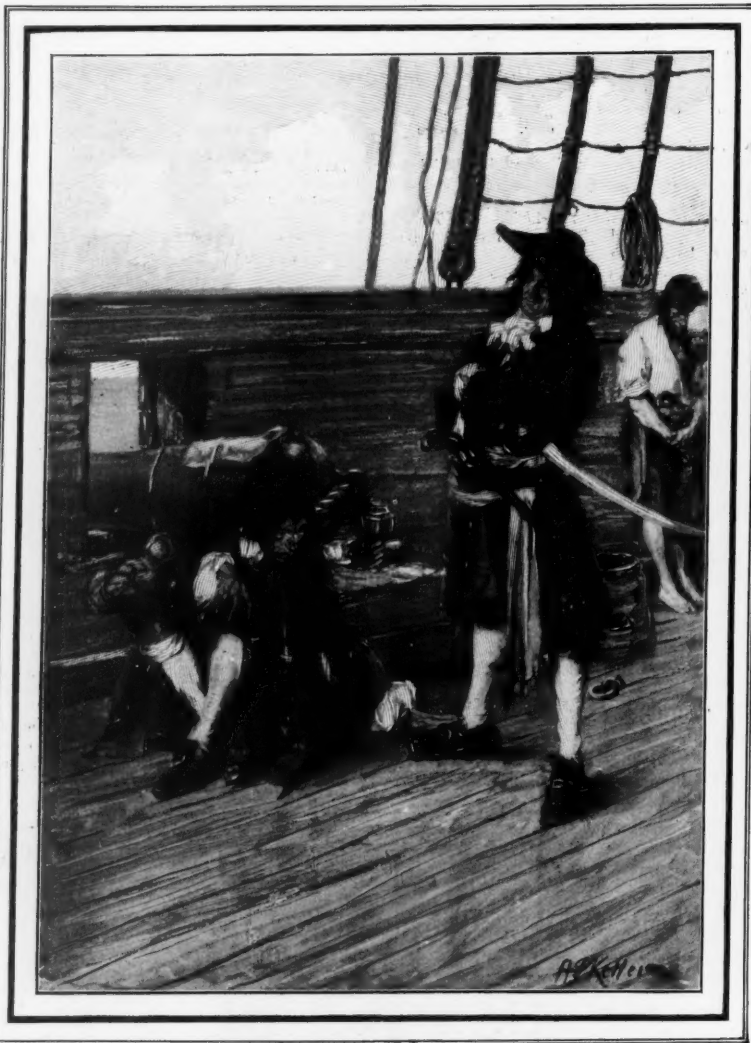
"I told her," said Ben Greenway, "how, at last, ye have come to your right mind, an' how ye are a true servant o' the King, wi' your pardon in your pocket an' your commission waitin' for ye at St. Thomas, an' that, whatever else ye may do at sea, there'll be no more black flag floatin' over your head, nor a see-saw plank wabblin' under the feet o' anybody else. The days o' your piracies are over an' ye're an' honest mon once more."

"You wrote her that?" said Bonnet, with a frown.

"Aye," said Greenway, "an' I left it in the care o' a good mon, whose ship is weel on its way to Kingston by this day."

That afternoon Captain Bonnet called all his men together and addressed them.

He made a very good speech, a better one than that delivered when he first took real command of the *Revenge* after sailing out of the river at Bridgetown, and it was listened to with respectful and earnest interest. In brief manner, he explained to all on board that he had thrown to the winds all idea of merchandising or privateering; that his pardon and his ship's clearance were of no value to him except he should happen to get into some uncomfortable predicament with the



"YOU SEEM TO BE IN A BAD CASE, OLD BEN"

take advantage of the lessons which had been involuntarily given him by the veteran scoundrels who had held him in contempt. He was now, to a great extent, sailing-master as well as captain of the *Revenge*; but Ben Greenway, who was much given to that sort of thing, undertook to offer Bonnet some advice in regard to his course.

"I am no sailor," said he, "but I ken a chart when I see it an' it is my opinion that there is no need o' your sailin' so far to the east before ye turn about southward. There is naething much stickin' out from the coast between here an' St. Thomas."

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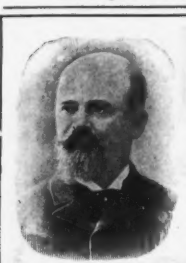
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KATE BONNET

law; that he had no idea of sailing toward
St. Thomas, but intended to proceed up the
coast to burn and steal and rob and slay
wherever he might find it convenient to do
so; that he had brought the greater part of
his crew from the desert island where Black-
beard had left them, because he knew that
they were stout and reckless fellows, just the
sort of men he wanted for the piratical cruise
he was about to begin; and that, in order, to
mislead any government authorities who, by
land or sea, might seek to interfere with him,
he had changed the name of the good old *Re-
venge* to the *Royal James*, while its captain,
once Stede Bonnet, was now to be known,
on board and everywhere else, as Captain
Thomas, with nothing against him. He con-
cluded by saying that all that had been
done on that ship, from the time she first
hoisted the black flag until the present mo-
ment, was nothing at all compared to the fire
and the blood and the booty which should
follow in the wake of that gallant vessel, the
Royal James, commanded by Captain Thomas.

The men looked at each other, but did not
say much. They were all pirates, although
few of them had regularly started out on a
piratical career, and there was nothing new
to them in this sort of piratical dishonor. In
the little cruise after Blackbeard their new
captain had shown himself to be a good man,
ready with his oaths and very certain about
what he wanted done. So, whenever Stede
Bonnet chose to run up the Jolly Roger he
might do it for all they cared.

Poor Ben Greenway sat apart, his head
bowed upon his hands.

"You seem to be in a bad case, old Ben,"
said Bonnet, gazing down upon him, "but you
throw yourself into needless trouble. As soon
as I lay hold of some craft which I am will-
ing shall go away with a sound hull I will put
you on board of her and let you go back to the
farm. I will keep you no longer among these
wicked people, Ben Greenway, and in this
wicked place."

Ben shook his head. "I started wi' ye an'
I stay wi' ye," said he, "an' I'll follow ye to
the verra gates o' hell. But further than that,
Master Bonnet, I will na go. At the gates o'
hell I leave ye!"

CHAPTER XXXV

A CHAPTER OF HAPPENINGS



FOR HAPPINESS
with a flaw in it, it was
a very fair happiness
which now hung over
the Delaplaine home
near Spanish Town. Kate Bonnet's father
was still a pirate, but there was no Captain
Vince in hot pursuit of him, seeking his
blood. Kate could sing with the birds and
laugh with Dickory whenever she thought of
the death of the wicked enemy. This was
not, it may be thought, a proper joy, but it
could not be repressed.

The old home life began again, although it
was a very quiet life. Dickory went into Mr.
Delaplaine's counting-house, but it was hard
for the young man to doff the naval uniform,
which had been bestowed upon him by Black-
beard, for he knew he looked very well in it,
and everybody else thought so and told him
so; but it could not be helped, and with all
convenient speed he discarded his cocked hat
and all the rest of it and clothed himself in
the simple garb of a merchant's clerk—al-
though it might be said that in all the West
Indies, at that day, there was no clerk so
good-looking as was Dickory. Dame Charter
was so thankful that her boy had come safely
through all his troubles, so proud of him and
so eminently well satisfied with his present

position, that she asked nothing of her par-
ticular guardian angel but that Stede Bonnet
might stay away. If, after tiring of piracy,
that man came back, as his relatives wished
him to do, the good dame was sure he would
make mischief of some sort and as like as not
in the direction of her Dickory. If this evil
family genius should be lost at sea, or should
disappear from the world in some equally pain-
less and undignified fashion, Dame Charter
was sure that she could, in a reasonable time,
quiet the grief of poor Kate; for what right-
minded damsel could fail to mingle thankful-
ness with her sorrow that a kind death should
relieve a parent from the sins and disgraces
of a perverted life?

About this time there came a letter from
Barbadoes which was of great interest to
everybody in the household. It was from
Master Martin Newcombe and, of course, was
written to Kate, but she read many portions
of it to the others. The first part of the
epistle was not read aloud, but it was very
pleasant for Kate to read it to herself. This
man was a close lover and an ardent one.
Whatever had happened to her fortunes,
nothing had interfered with his affection;
whatever he had said he still bravely stood
by, and to whatever she had objected, in the
way of obstacles, he had paid no attention
whatever.

In the parts of the letter read to her uncle
and the others, Master Newcombe told how,
not having heard from them for so long, he
had been beginning to be greatly troubled,
but the arrival of the *Black Swan*, which,
after touching at Kingston, had continued
her course to Barbadoes, had given him new
life and hope; and it was his intention, as
soon as he could arrange his affairs, to come
to Jamaica and there say by word of mouth
and do, in his own person, so much for which
a letter was totally inadequate. The thought
of seeing Kate again made him tremble as he
walked through his fields. This was read in-
advertently, and Dickory frowned.

Dame Charter frowned too. She had never
supposed that Master Newcombe would come
to Spanish Town; she had always looked upon
him as a very worthy young farmer; so worthy
that he would not neglect his interest by travel-
ling about to other islands than his own. She
did not know exactly how her son felt about
all this, nor did she like to ask him; but
Dickory saved her the trouble.

"If that Newcombe comes here," he said,
"I am going to fight him."

"What!" cried his mother, "you would not
do that. That would be terrible; it would ruin
everything."

"Ruin what?" he asked.
His mother answered diplomatically. "It
would ruin all your fine opportunities in this
family."

Dickory smiled with a certain sarcastic
hardness. "I don't mean," said he, "that
I am going to hack at him with a sword,
because neither he nor I properly know how
to use a sword, and, after the wonderful
practice that I have seen, I would not want
to prove myself a bungler even if the other
man were a worse one. No, mother, I mean
to fight with him by all fair means to gain the
hand of my dear Kate. I love her and I am
far more worthy of her than he is. He is not
a well-disposed man, being rough and incon-
siderate in his speech."—Dickory had never
forgotten the interview by the river bank when
he had gone to see Madam Bonnet—"and as
to his being a stout lover, he is none of it.
Had he been that, he would long ago have
crossed the little sea between Barbadoes and
here."

"Do you mean, you foolish boy," exclaimed
Dame Charter, "to say that you presume to love
our Mistress Kate?" and her eyes glowed upon
him with all the warmth of a mother's pride,
for this was the wish of her heart and never
absent from it.

"Ay, mother," said Dickory, "I shall fight
for her; I shall show her that I am worthier
than he is and that I love her better. I shall
even strive for her if that mad pirate comes
back and tries to overset everything."

"Oh, do it before that!" cried Dame Char-
ter, anxiety in every wrinkle, "do it before
that!"

Mr. Delaplaine was a little troubled by the
promised visit from Barbadoes. He had heard
of Master Newcombe as being a most estimable
young man, but the fault about him, in his
opinion, was that he resided not in Jamaica.
For a long time the good merchant had lived
his own life with no one to love him, and he
now had with him his sister's child, whom he
had come to look upon as a daughter, and he
did not wish to give her up. It was true that
it might be possible, under favorable pressure,
to induce young Newcombe to come to Jamaica
and settle there, but this was all very vague.
Had he had his own way, he would have
driven from Kate every thought of love or
marriage until the time when his new clerk,
Dickory Charter, had become a young mer-
chant of good standing, worthy of such
a wife. Then he might be willing to
give Kate to Dickory, and Dickory would
give her to him and they might all be

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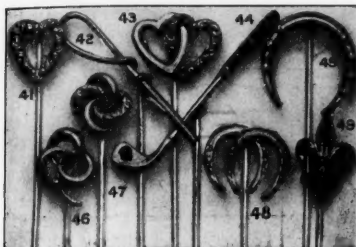
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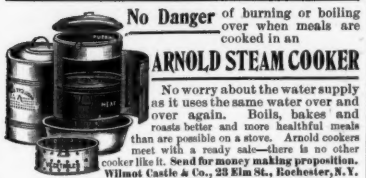


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happy. That is, if that hare-brained Bonnet did not come home.

The Delaplaine family did not go much into society at that time; for people had known about the pirate and his ship, the *Revenge*, and the pursuit upon which Captain Vince of the royal corvette *Badger* had been sent. They had all heard, too, of the death of Captain Vince, and some of them were not quite certain whether he had been killed by the pirate Bonnet or another desperado equally dangerous. Knowing all this, although if they had not known it they would scarcely have found it out from the speech of their neighbors, the Delaplaines kept much to themselves. And they were happy, and the keynote of their happiness was struck by Kate, whose thankful heart could never forget the death of Captain Vince.

Mr. Delaplaine made his proper visit to Spanish Town to carry his thanks, and to tell the Governor how things had happened to him; and the Governor still showed his interest in Mistress Kate Bonnet and expressed his regret that she had not come with her uncle. Which was a very natural wish, indeed, for a Governor of good taste.

This is a chapter of happenings, and the next happening was a letter from that good man Ben Greenway, and it told the most wonderful, splendid and glorious news that had ever been told under the bright sun of the beautiful West Indies. It told that Captain Stede Bonnet was no longer a pirate and that Kate was no longer a pirate's daughter. These happy people did not join hands and dance and sing over the great news, but Kate's joy was so great that she might have done all these things without knowing it, so thankful was she that, once again, she had a father. This rapture so far outshone her relief at the news of the death of Captain Vince that she almost forgot that that wicked man was safe and dead. Kate was in such a state of wild delight that she insisted that her uncle should make another visit to the Governor's house and take her with him, that she herself might carry the Governor the good news; and the Governor said such heart-warming things, when he heard it, that Kate kissed him in very joy. But, as Dickory was not of the party, this incident was not entered as part of the proceedings.

Now society, both in Spanish Town and Kingston, opened its arms and insisted that the fair star of Barbadoes should enter them, and there were parties and dances and dinners, and it might have been supposed that everybody had been a father or a mother to a prodigal son, so genial and joyful were the festivities—Kate high above all others.

At some of these social functions Dickory Charter was present, but it is doubtful whether he was happier when he saw Kate surrounded by gay admirers or when he was at home imagining what was going on about her.

There was but one cloud in the midst of all this sunshine, and that was that Mr. Delaplaine, Dame Charter and her son Dickory could not forget that it was now in the line of events that Stede Bonnet would soon be with them, and beyond that, all was chaos. And over the seas sailed the good ship the *Royal James*, Captain Thomas in command.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38)

FOOD

WRITE RIGHT.

"Scatter decent, helpful things."

Good, philosophical Ras Wilson once said to a new reporter, "Young man, write as you feel, but try to feel right. Be good humored toward everyone and everything. Believe that other folks are just as good as you are, for they are. Give 'em your best and bear in mind that God has sent them, in his wisdom, all the trouble they need, and it is for you to scatter gladness and decent, helpful things as you go. Don't be particular about how the stuff will look in print but let 'er go. Some one will understand. That is better than to write so doosh bing high, or so tarnashun deep, deep that no one understands. Let 'er go."

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THE BREAD LINE AT CHRISTMAS

*WITH us always, they stand in line to wait the Christmas dole—
The body must be fed, although we sometimes starve the soul.*

*They come to gather up the crumbs that from our tables fall:
Of our abundance we bestow—yet, have we paid them all?*

*Though heaped with Christmas cheer the board whereon they eat their fill,
Perchance, despite our "charity," we are their debtors still.*

*FOR who shall live by bread alone in all this world so wide?
In vain we give the feast unless we give ourselves beside.*

*We owe our sympathy unto the poorest in the land,
Because it is their poverty that makes our wealth so grand.*

*Give, then, to all! though many come, and there be little bread,
Kind hearts can work a miracle, and multitudes be fed.*

A SAHIBS' WAR By Rudyard Kipling

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 8)

and bricks flying at random. But I said, "Abide! Abide! Ye be Sahibs, and this is a Sahibs' war, O Sahibs. There is no order that ye should depart from this war." They did not understand the words. Yet they abode.

Presently rode down five troopers of Kurban Sahib's command, and one I knew spoke my tongue, having sailed to Calcutta often with horses. So I told him all my tale, using bazaar-talk, such as his kidney of Sahib would understand; and at the end I said, "An order has reached us here from the dead that this is a Sahibs' war. I take the soul of my Kurban Sahib to witness that I give over to the justice of the Sahibs these Sahibs who have made me childless." Then I gave him the ropes and fell down senseless.

My heart was very full, but my belly was empty, except for a little opium. They put me into a cart with one of their wounded, and after a while I understood that they had fought for two days and two nights. It was all one big trap, Sahib, of which we, with Kurban Sahib, saw no more than the outer edge. They were very angry, the *Durro Mats*—very angry indeed. I have never seen Sahibs so angry. They buried my Kurban Sahib with the rites of his faith upon the top of the ridge overlooking the house, and I said the proper prayers of my faith, and Sikandar Khan prayed in his fashion and stole five signalling candles, which have each three wicks, and lighted the grave as if it had been the grave of a saint. He wept very bitterly all that night, and I wept with him, and he took hold of my feet and be-

sought me to give him a remembrance from Kurban Sahib. So I divided equally with him one of Kurban Sahib's handkerchiefs—not the silk ones, for those were given him by a woman; and I also gave him a button from the coat, and a little steel ring of no value that Kurban Sahib used for his keys, and he kissed them and put them into his bosom. The rest I have here in that little bundle, and I must get the baggage from the hotel in Cape Town—some four shirts sent to be washed, for which we could not wait when we went up-country—and I must give them all to my Colonel Sahib at Sialkote in the Punjab. For my child is dead—my baba is dead! . . .

I would have come away before; there was no need to stay, the child being dead; but we were far from the rail, and the *Durro Mats* were as brothers to me, and I had come to look upon Sikandar Khan as in some sort a friend, and he got me a horse and I rode up and down with them; but the life had departed. God knows what they called me—orderly, *chaprassi* (messenger), cook, sweeper. I did not know nor care. But once I had pleasure. We came back in a month after wide circles to that very valley. I knew it every stone, and I went up to the grave, and a clever Sahib of the *Durro Mats* (we left a troop there for a week to school those people with *purvanas*) had cut an inscription upon a great rock; and they interpreted it to me, and it was a jest such as Kurban Sahib himself would have loved. Oh! I have the inscription well copied here. Read it aloud, Sahib, and I will explain the jests. There are two very good ones. Begin, Sahib.

IN MEMORY OF
WALTER DECIES CORBYN,
Late Captain 141st Punjab Cavalry,
The Gurgaon Rissala, that is. Go on, Sahib.

TREACHEROUSLY SHOT NEAR THIS PLACE BY
THE CONNIVANCE OF THE LATE

HENDRIK DIRK UYS,
A Minister of God
WHO THRICE TOOK THE OATH OF NEUTRALITY,
AND PIET, HIS SON.

THIS LITTLE WORK
Aha! This is the first jest. The Sahib should see this little work!

WAS ACCOMPLISHED IN PARTIAL
AND INADEQUATE RECOGNITION OF THEIR LOSS
BY SOME MEN WHO LOVED HIM.

Si monumentum requiris circumspice.

That is the second jest. It signifies that those who would desire to behold a proper memorial to Kurban Sahib must look out at the house. And, Sahib, the house is not there, nor the well, nor the big tank which they call dams, nor the little fruit-trees, nor the cattle. There is nothing at all, Sahib, except the two trees withered by the fire. The rest is like this desert here—or my hand—or my heart. Empty, Sahib—all empty!





A CHRISTMAS DINNER IN PRETORIA JAIL

By GEORGE LYNCH, War Correspondent and one of the Prisoners

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS to you, sonny," said Coochy cheerily to Briggs of the South African Horse as the British prisoners in Pretoria filed out from service.

"Hi!" said Briggs, "this is the queerest sort of place to spend merry Christmas in. When we talked at the beginning of the war about spending Christmas in Pretoria, we little thought this would be the way we were going to spend it."

The Christmas service was held in the large corrugated, iron-roofed building in which the leaders of the Jameson raid had been confined. The old clergyman had a difficult task in preaching to that congregation a comforting sermon on the subject of "Peace, Goodwill toward Men," yet it was difficult on that quiet morning to realize that the congregation was in the prison of a capital of a country in the throes of a desperate war. Between the hymns in the stillness of the crowded room the soft sound of the convent bells from outside the prison walls reminded them of the church-bells at home in Merrie England sounding across the frosted snow.

When the clergyman had struggled through his task the best he could, his heterogeneous congregation filed out through the respective groups of cells on the three sides of the quadrangular yard. Before each block of cells there was about twenty yards of space marked out on the ground where they might take exercise, but beyond which they were not allowed to go. There was a curious variety of men among these prisoners; about half of them were dressed in khaki with putties or gaiters on their legs and wearing forage caps or soft hats turned up at one side, some of them decorated with black feathers; a couple of them had been with Baden-Powell in the siege of Mafeking and had been taken prisoners at the capture of an armored train, one of the very first engagements of the war. Others had come in more recently, having been captured at the Tugela while serving with Buller's force. There were a couple of broad-shouldered, strapping Colonials, who had acted as guides for that unfortunate force which was compelled to surrender on Black Monday at Nicholson's Nek. There were about fifteen civilians, imprisoned for various reasons; one of them an American citizen who had served on the *Kearsarge* in her fight with the *Alabama*, and whose "public opinion" of the American consul, for taking no notice of his repeated letters, was a thing worth hearing as a specimen of picturesque and forcible English.

The most interesting-looking figure among the civilians was a stout little gentleman, a wealthy farmer and Justice of the Peace from Northern Natal, who was known among his companions as the Cockatoo. He was a very fat little man with an extremely red face, an aquiline nose like the beak of a bird, and white, stubby hair that stood upright all over his head. One day he had asked one of his fellow-prisoners, Coochy, the war correspondent, to cut his hair, as it was getting too long. There was no looking-glass in the prison, which the amateur barber took advantage of by cutting his hair quite close on either side, leaving a comb-like ridge standing right down the centre that gave him an irresistible resemblance to a cockatoo. For want of a looking-glass he could not appreciate the effect of it himself, but even the stout, stolid old jailer Duplessis shook with laughter at the extraordinary figure he presented when answering his name at roll-call time.

Most of the private soldiers captured at various engagements were confined in a prison camp on the racecourse and most of the officers were incarcerated in a schoolhouse in the town which had been converted into a temporary prison for them. Those who were confined in the Pretoria jail were nearly all Colonials, natives of Johannesburg and different parts of the Transvaal, who the Boers considered should have fought on their side rather than on the British and whom they therefore treated with greater severity.

The diet of those in the jail consisted of, for breakfast, chunks of dry bread, mealie pap, i.e. strabout made out of Indian meal and cold water; for dinner, coarse boiled beef, the water in which it was boiled being supplied as soup, and dry bread; for supper, mealie pap and dry bread again, the same as for breakfast. The mealie pap, however wholesome as an article of diet, was anything but agreeable. It tasted like a mixture of sawdust and putty, and, after being partaken of, seemed to lie just as lightly on the stomach. Those who had any money to do so were allowed to send out to the neighboring hotel for meals and various supplies. None, however, had brought much money into jail with them, and by this time what they had was nearly exhausted; in fact, there were only two or three

that had anything left and these had now put their united resources together in order to supply the best they could get in the way of a Christmas dinner for the crowd. They had burned their ships as far as food was concerned: after this Christmas dinner there would be nothing before them but mealie pap and boiled trek oxen. Needless to say that as dinner hour approached there were lips moist with luscious anticipation and appetites made all the more keen by the consciousness of an indefinitely long time before they might have the chance of getting a decent meal again. For break-

turkey, and, filling the last compartment of stacks of each plate, was a great fat slab of plum-pudding, brown and rich and dark with fruit and covered with sauce which the Cockatoo averred, as he smacked his lips, actually had a flavor of rum, and there seemed to be a Christmas feeling of generosity in the helpings given by that hotel keeper or his vronw. There was no skimping or cheeseparing about them; they were "generously good." Perhaps he did not know that this was the last meal that his customers in the prison were to get from him, or perhaps he did and was determined if it was to be the last it should be a good one.

With uncertain vistas of mealie pap and cold water diet stretching away before them, they began for the fiftieth time to discuss plans of escape. Various schemes had been considered, but there was only one which, although bold and hazardous, commended itself as at all practicable. About half-past seven every evening the prisoners were all paraded in the yard, to answer the roll-call. The jailer, Duplessis, the head warder and two or three others were usually there at that time. Just inside the gate of the yard was a guard-house in which there would be at that time probably one or two other warders lounging. In the guard-house there were revolvers for all the warders, excepting those who would possibly be wearing them at the time. There was a telephone in the guard-room, but as the prison was practically shut up immediately after roll-call, there were not likely to be any visitors from outside. The train left for the Portuguese frontier every evening at ten o'clock, and the station was just close to the prison. The plan suggested was that, at a given signal, a certain number should seize and pinion the jailer, head warder and those who were immediately close to them. A number of others were to make a dash for the guard-house, which was only about fifteen yards away, and seize whoever should be there. Once they were overpowered, they were to be locked into the cells and gagged.

Then the problem was how suspicion was not to be excited for the two hours and a quarter which remained before it would be time to go for the train. There were several of the Colonial troopers who could speak Dutch, so any telephone messages that might come could be answered. There was no chance of anybody visiting the jail at that hour, but if anybody did he would have to enter through the small door in the big gate and could easily be attended to, quietly and expeditiously, without any alarm being raised.

It probably would be almost quite dark when, at about fifteen minutes to ten, the prisoners were to leave the jail; they would then have about ten revolvers and ammunition and about an equal number of carbines, three axes and some knobkerries used by the Kaffir policemen. Morrison, the guide—a powerful, athletic fellow, who had a reputation over half South Africa as a pugilist—his brother, and a couple of troopers from Mafeking were told off to hold up the engine-driver and stoker on the engine. As these were known to be Scotchmen kept in the employ of the Boers, it was quite possible that a little pressure would turn them into willing accomplices and get the train started at full speed. A couple of men were to smash the telegraph instruments in the office, while the main body of the prisoners were to deal with any armed burghers who might be starting on the train.

The line was guarded at various points, such as the bridges and viaducts, by Boer sentries, and there would also probably be armed burghers at the stations, which they would run through without stopping, but these would be helpless to give the alarm if the telegraph lines were cut.

The hour for muster arrived, and the bell sounded. As little Briggs said, "The bell that summons us to heaven or to hell." Morrison led away and the rest filed out after him. He seemed to pause for a second on the threshold, which was noticed by those behind him, but the explanation was only discovered by each one as he emerged into the yard. There were Duplessis and half a dozen warders, all standing in a row, and every one of them wearing his revolver. But that was not the worst of it:

about a dozen Zaps or Transvaal policemen armed with carbines were crowded into the guard-room. The roll was called without any comment from Duplessis.

To the party who had discussed and planned the attempted escape in the afternoon after their Christmas dinner it was now clearly obvious what had happened, and an alarm given by little Briggs who had jumped up on the bed and looked through the bars of the passage now found its explanation in the probability of a Boer spy in the corridor. So sullenly they filed back, to finish the gloomiest Christmas on record.



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN

"THOSE WHO WERE CONFINED IN THE PRETORIA JAIL WERE NEARLY ALL COLONIALS"

fast the next morning they would be obliged to fall back on the comfort of cold water, mealie pap and dry bread.

Sharp on time that great Christmas dinner was seen being handed in through the small door of the prison gate in stacks of tin-covered plates; like piles of card counters they were brought around by the warders, and, ye gods! what a delicious, savory steam escaped on the removal of the covers! There was corned beef, not the lean trek-ox beef, but red and brown streaks of succulency hemmed with yellow fat, and there was cabbage, white and hot, and turkey, veritable



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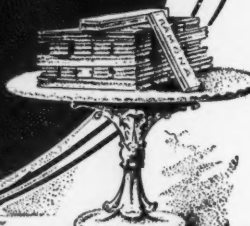
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SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY
WALTER CAMPHARVARD
22
YALE
0CAPTAIN CAMPBELL,
HARVARD

BEFORE one of the greatest crowds that ever surged over a football stand Harvard took revenge upon Yale for last year's defeat. Thirty-seven thousand people purchased tickets to see the struggle which would settle the football supremacy for 1901. In spite of the gray day and the lowering sky, in the face of a chill wind which seemed to bite through overcoats and wraps, it is safe to say that very few of those who had bought the coveted seats allowed them to stand unoccupied or left them before the end of the great contest. In spite of the fact that it was one-sided, it held the attention of that crowd up to the very last minute; for during the final quarter-hour it was in every one's mind that Harvard was fighting to equal last year's score of 28 to 0, while Yale, in the grimness of despair, overwhelmingly defeated, was still bound to prevent Harvard from securing, in addition to the 22 points already made, that necessary touchdown and goal which would bring the figures up to 28.

There was a strong breeze blowing when the game opened, and Harvard, winning the toss, seemed to have all the advantage of it. More than a few of the football enthusiasts who looked on felt that it would be not out of reckoning if Harvard, punting early in the game, would crowd the fight down at once to Yale's goal. Here, however, occurred practically the only surprise of the day; for within the first ten minutes Yale twice had the ball well within Harvard's 25-yard line, and had her attack been anything like as formidable as Harvard's, or had Harvard's defence been as penetrable as Yale's, the side against the wind, contrary to all football precedent, and in this instance the manifestly weaker side, would have inevitably been the first to score. But on both these occasions Yale was thrown back without a gain and forced to try a kick, against the wind, at Harvard's goal. After those two periods it gradually dawned upon every one that Harvard was the stronger, and, barring some unexpected or phenomenal change in the relations of the power of the two teams, the home team would certainly win.

After this flash of Yale hope had faded away, Harvard grew stronger and stronger, and carried out a series of tackle-back plays which fairly ate up the 5-yard lines on the way down to the Yale goal. Just inside that goal line Yale made a desperate stand, after Ristine had carried the ball in a single run over thirty yards and had landed it inside Yale's 10 yard line. On the first attempt Yale held Harvard. On the second Blagden carried the ball to Yale's 4-yard line. Then again Yale held desperately, and the next play netted but two yards. But that was within six feet of Yale's line. Once more the two elevens met and writhed in the struggle, and the ball finally came down, still, however, just inside of the line. But Harvard would not be denied, and on the next attempt forced the ball over for the first touchdown. After that, every one felt that Harvard would take revenge for past defeat, and the only question was how much of a score she could run up and how close Yale could hold her. Soon she had the ball over for the second touchdown, and before the first half was ended Marshall had added an excellent field-kick goal, scoring 5 points more, and Harvard left the field for the intermission with 17 points to the good.

The second half might have degenerated into a rout had it not been for the traditional fighting spirit of the Blue; for, in spite of the fact that during that half her quarterback, De Saullles, who had been such a mainstay to Yale, not only in her contest with Princeton but through the first half of this game, was injured and put out of the game by a

desperate tackle in stopping a Harvard man who had run over fifty yards and was in a fair way for a touchdown, and in spite of the fact that Yale's captain and reliable end, Gould, was also hurt in tackling a Harvard man running around the end, the Yale team held Harvard through the second half to a single touchdown.

Harvard displayed most perfect team play, making use of the tackle-back formation with deadly effect upon the Yale line, securing steady and consistent gains, the men all working well together, Cutts doing especially powerful plunging, while Graydon proved a marvel at keeping his feet and breaking loose after getting through the line. On defence Harvard was equally strong, and it was a decided exception when Yale was able to secure any distance.

There was good punting on both sides and a creditable lack of fumbling, neither team making any very costly exhibitions of this character. Yale's attack was not up to the standard. Her men, as in other games this season, had difficulty in getting together and her back field impressed one as light to compete with the Harvard occupants of these positions. It was by no means unusual to see Yale's back field on the defence obliged to bear the brunt of the Harvard attack as it swept the Yale line back. Such work proved killing, but the men stuck it out well. After fifteen minutes it was apparent that Yale's only hope lay in opening the Harvard line between guard and tackle. Here, on one or two occasions, Yale assaulted successfully, but it was far too frequently that she sent her light, speedy backs too far out in the line, trying to sweep around Harvard's tackle instead of cutting in. Harvard had the weight and power, besides having made perfect the formation by means of which she could use her two big tackles, Cutts and Blagden.

It was by all odds the best team play that Harvard has exhibited in years, and while during the first ten minutes of the struggle there seemed some chance for Yale, after that period was over no one could watch the onslaught of the Harvard formation-play without feeling that Yale was simply hopelessly unable to check it short of very decided gains, while Yale's attack in return was too weak to be feared by her opponents.

As far as the individual work of the two teams was concerned, there is hardly a man who did not deserve praise for the way he played his place. The Harvard eleven had team play and the Yale eleven had not, and the result told the story distinctly and with a decisive score which meant that there was no comparison between the attacking powers of the two teams. De Saullles stood between the Harvard runner and the Yale goal twice as a forlorn hope, and he was equal to the emergency, but on the second occasion in meeting it he fell stunned and from that time Yale was forced to get on without him.

As is almost inevitably the case, the losing team was forced to call upon substitutes, but their work toward the end of the game showed a remarkable staying power and freedom from that exhausted, helpless state into which most defeated elevens are apt to lapse.

To those who had watched with any care Harvard's play in the Pennsylvania game and Yale's in the Princeton contest a victory for the Crimson over the Blue this year seemed inevitable. But there are always men on both sides who argue, not from the work of the teams that are actually to meet, but from the teams and results of the previous year, and to these it seemed not impossible that Harvard would be defeated. Miracles seldom happen on the football field, however, and practically every condition of 1900 was at hand save that the men who were playing tackle-back and who had yet to find anything that could stop it, who were able to put five good men and sometimes six or seven into the push in each play, wore Crimson uniforms, while the men who relied upon individual grit and fast backs and looked for the miracle wore Blue uniforms.

When the two captains met and tossed for choice of goals, there was a strong wind blowing from the east, which made that end of the field greatly to be desired and ensured the side winning the choice an inevitable long gain upon every interchange of kicks. Captain Campbell of Harvard won the toss, and Yale had to kick off against the wind.

The two teams lined up and the referee's whistle sounded. Olcott sent the ball down to Harvard's 20-yard line, where a fumble prevented Harvard running it back. Instead of kicking, Harvard began a running game, and opened brilliantly with five yards. Upon the very next play, however, a fumble gave the ball to Yale just inside Harvard's 25-yard line.

"Touchdown! Touchdown!" roared the crowd on the Yale stands. It seemed as if the miracle was coming off after all. Only twenty yards to carry the ball, and Yale followers in the past have been wont to regard such a distance as quite within scoring certainty. The two lines settled down and little De Saullles gave his signal. Then the ball came, and, instead of swinging forward, instead of that gathering force which a good attack makes patent at once even to the spectator, there was an individual pulling and hauling, and the little knot of players, massed together, hardly moved. A yard or two only. "Well, that means that something went wrong," sighed the by-no-means-discouraged Yale partisans. "Next time!" But the next time there was even less life and then it was third down and no prospect of having made even a start toward scoring. As a last resort, De Saullles dropped back for a field kick, with thirty yards at least from his position to the goal bar and against a strong head wind. The ball came straight and true from Centre Holt's snap, and the little fellow kicked.

The ball started well, but it could not hold against that wind, and veered off, crossing Harvard's goal line to the right of the post, and Harvard's danger was over and Yale's hopes dropped. Harvard kicked out a long one. It was going clean down to Yale's 40-yard line, De Saullles running it back for ten yards. The ball came straight and true, and after a single try De Saullles punted to Harvard's 40-yard line. Harvard fumbled, and Yale once more was in possession, close to the Harvard 25-yard line. Again Yale showed utter inability to gain with her running plays, but a quarter-back kick worked perfectly, and she was at Harvard's 20-yard line. Twice more she hammered in vain on that Harvard stone wall, and then another drop-kick—this time blocked—and the issue was settled.


No matter how partisan his feelings, every Yale spectator and the huge Harvard crowd knew that the game was—even though neither side had scored and the ball was in Harvard's territory—all over but the shouting. Harvard's attack could gain and Yale's could not. Harvard's defence was impregnable; Yale's was paper. Then Harvard, with here and there an occasional temporary setback, proceeded to score two touchdowns and followed this by a beautiful drop-kick by Marshall before the end of the first half, thus rolling up 17 points. After the intermission, Yale had 35 minutes more in which to struggle desperately against that deadly tackle-back formation, and, perhaps, by some miracle, to secure a score of some kind. By sheer grit she held Harvard down through this half to a single touchdown, but the nearest Yale's tired men could come to a score was when, after a fumbled kick by Harvard, the ball came to them on Harvard's 22-yard line and they carried it in five downs up to the 10-yard line, only to lose it within sight of what seemed a score.

And when dusk was settling down over the gridiron, Yale was struggling on without her quarterback, De Saullles, without her captain, Gould, with a new back field and new guard, while the Harvard eleven, intact, triumphant, aggressive, was hammering her down, hopeful of still further score, and it was with a sigh of relief that the Yale crowd heard the referee's whistle which told it the end had come.

OTHER
GAMES

Wesleyan defeated Amherst 15 to 11, Minnesota beat Northwestern 16 to 0, Homestead proved too much for the Philadelphia team by a score of 18 to 0; Michigan again showed scoring powers by running up 89 points against Beloit, the team that recently tied Chicago, the visitors making no score; Cornell defeated Vermont 67 to 0; Carlisle played Washington and Jefferson at Pittsburg, neither side being able to score.

WALTER CAMP.



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THE SHINING BAND

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)

"Two rooms and a bath, John," said Lansing quietly; and followed the steward up the stairs, guiding his blind charge.

The rooms were on the north angle; Lansing and Coursay inspected them carefully, gave the steward proper directions, and dismissed him.

"Get me a telegram blank," said Lansing. Coursay brought one. His cousin pencilled a despatch, and the young man took it and left the room.

The girl was sitting on the bed, silent, intent, following Lansing with her sightless eyes.

"Do you trust me?" he asked pleasantly. "Yes . . . oh, yes, with all my heart!" He steadied his voice. "I think I can help you—I am sure I can. I have sent to New York for Dr. Courtney Thayer."

He drew a long breath; her beauty almost unnerved him. "Thayer will operate; he's the best of all. Are you afraid?"

She lifted one hand and held it out, hesitating. He took it.

"No, not afraid," she said. "You are wise; there is no need for fear. All will come right, my child."

She listened intently. "It is necessary in such operations that the patient should, above all, be cheerful and—

and happy—"

"Oh, yes . . . and I am happy! Truly, truly!" she breathed.

"—And brave, and patient, and obedient—and—" his voice trembled a trifle. "You must lie very still," he ended hastily.

"Will you be here?"

"Yes—yes, of course!"

"Then I will lie very still."

He left her curled up in an easy-chair, smiling at him with blind eyes; he scarcely found his way downstairs for all his eyesight. He stumbled to the grillroom door, felt for the knob, and flung it open.

A flood of yellow light struck him like a blow; through the smoke he saw the wine-flushed faces of Colonel Hyssop and Major Brent staring at him.

"Gad, Lansing!" said the major, "you're white and shaky as a ninety-nine cent toy lamb. Come in and have a drink, m'boy!"

"I wanted to say," said Lansing, "that I have a patient in 5 and 6. It's an emergency case; I've wired for Courtney Thayer. I wish to ask the privilege and courtesy of the Club for my patient. It's unusual; it's intrusive. Absolute and urgent necessity is my plea."

The two old gentlemen appeared startled, but they hastily assured Lansing that his request would be honored; and Lansing went away to pace the veranda until Coursay returned from the telegraph station.

In the grillroom Major Brent's pop eyes were fixed on the colonel in inflamed inquiry.

"Dammie!" snapped the colonel, "does that young man take this Club for a hospital?"

"He'll be washing bandages in the river next; he'll poison the trout with his anti-septic stuffs!" suggested the major, shuddering.

"The Club's going to the dogs!" said the colonel, with a hearty oath.

But he did not know how near to the dogs the Club already was.

V

It is perfectly true that the Club and the dogs were uncomfortably close together. A week later the crisis came when Munn, in a violent rage, accused Sprowl of spiriting away his ward, Eileen O'Hara. But when Sprowl at last comprehended that the girl and the papers had really disappeared, he turned like a maddened pig on Munn, tore the signed checks to shreds before his eyes, and cursed him steadily as long as he remained within hearing.

As for Munn, his game appeared to be up. He hurried to New York and spent a month or two attempting to find some trace of his ward; then his money gave out. He returned to his community and wrote a cringing letter to Sprowl, begging him to buy the O'Hara land for next to nothing, and risk the legality of the transfer. To which Sprowl paid no attention. A week later Munn and the Shining Band left for Medicine Lodge, Kansas.

It was vaguely understood at the Club that Lansing had a patient in 5 and 6.

"Probably a rich woman whom he can't afford to lose," suggested Sprowl with a sneer.

Meanwhile young Coursay had a free bridle; Lansing was never around to interfere, and he drove and rode and fished and strolled with Agatha Sprowl until neither he nor the shameless beauty knew whether they were standing on their heads or their heels. To be in love was a new sensation to Agatha Sprowl; to believe himself in love was nothing new to Coursay, but the flavor never palled.

What they might have done—what, perhaps, they had already decided to do—nobody but they knew. The chances are that they would have bolted if they had not run smack into that rigid sentinel who guards the Path-

way of Life. The sentinel is called Fate. And it came about in the following manner:

Dr. Courtney Thayer arrived one cool day early in October; Lansing met him with a quiet smile, and, together, these eminent gentlemen entered rooms 5 and 6.

A few moments later Courtney Thayer came out, laughing, followed by Lansing, who also appeared to be a prey to mirth.

"She's charming—she's perfectly charming!" said Courtney Thayer. "Where the deuce do these Yankee convent people get that elusive Continental flavor? Her father must have been a gentleman."

"He was an Irish lumberman," said Lansing. After a moment he added: "So you won't come back, doctor?"

"No, it's not necessary; you know that. I've an operation to-morrow in Manhattan; I must get back to town. Wish I could stay and shoot grouse with you, but I can't."

"Come up for the fall flight of woodcock; I'll wire you when it's on," urged Lansing. "Perhaps; good-by."

Lansing took his outstretched hand in both of his. "There is no use in my trying to tell you what you have done for me, doctor," he said.

Thayer regarded him keenly. "Thought I did it for her," he remarked.

Instantly Lansing's face turned red-hot. Thayer clasped the young man's hands and shook them till they ached.

"You're all right, my boy—you're all right!" he said heartily; and was gone down the stairs, two at a jump—a rather lively proceeding for the famous and dignified Courtney Thayer, M.D.

Lansing turned and entered rooms 5 and 6. His patient was standing by the curtained window. "Do you want to know your fate?" he asked lightly.

She turned and looked at him out of her lovely eyes; the quaint, listening expression in her face still remained, but she saw him, this time.

"Am I well?" she asked calmly.

"Yes . . . perfectly."

She sat down by the window, her slender hands folded, her eyes on him.

"And now," she asked, "what am I to do?"

He understood, and bent his head. He had an answer ready, trembling on his lips; but a horror of presuming on her gratitude kept him silent.

"Am I to go back . . . to him?" she said faintly.

"God forbid!" he blurted out. With all his keen eyesight, how could he fail to see the adoration in her eyes, on her mute lips' quivering curve, in every line of her body? But the brutality of asking for that which her gratitude might not withhold froze him. It was no use; he could not speak.

"Then—what? Tell me; I will do it," she said in a desolate voice. "Of course I cannot stay here now."

Something in his haggard face set her heart beating heavily; then for a moment her heart seemed to stop. She covered her eyes with a swift gesture.

"Is it pain?" he asked quickly. "Let me see your eyes!" Her hands covered them. He came to her; she stood up; and he drew her fingers from her eyes and looked into them steadily. But what he saw there he alone knows; for he bent closer, shaking in every limb; and both her arms crept to his shoulders and her clasped hands tightened around his neck.

Which was doubtless an involuntary muscular affection incident on successful operations for lamellar or zonular cataract.

That day they opened the steel box. She understood little of what he read to her; presently he stopped abruptly in the middle of a sentence and remained staring, reading on and on in absorbed silence.

Content, serene, numbed with her happiness, she watched him sleepily.

He muttered under his breath: "Sprowl! What a fool! What a cheap fool! And yet not one among us even suspected him of that!"

After a long time he looked up at the girl, blankly at first and with a grimace of disgust. "You see," he said, and gave a curious laugh—"you see that—that you own all this land of ours—as far as I can make out."

After a long explanation she partly understood, and laughed outright, a clear child's laugh without a trace of that sad undertone he knew so well.

"But we are not going to take it away from your Club—are we?" she asked.

"No," he said; "let the Club have the land—your land! What do we care? We will never come here again!" He sat a moment, thinking, then sprang up. "We will go to New York to-morrow," he said; "and I'll just step out and say good-by to Sprowl—I think he and his wife are also going



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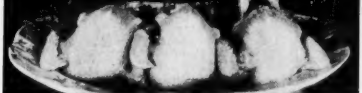
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THIS AUTOGRAPH IS NEVER ON A POOR SHADE-ROLLER AND NEVER ABSENT FROM A GOOD ONE.

Stewart Hartshorn GET THE GENUINE **HARTSHORN**

to-morrow; I think they're going to Europe, to live! I'm sure they are; and that they will never come back."

And, curiously enough, that is exactly what they did; and they are there yet. And their establishment in the American Colony is the headquarters for all nobility in exile, including the chivalrous Orleans.

Which is one sort of justice—the Lansing sort—and anyway Coursay survived and married an actress a year later. And the Club still remains in undisturbed possession of Eileen Lansing's land; and Major Brent is now its president.

As for Munn, he has permanently retired to Medicine Lodge, Kansas, where, it is reported he has cured several worthy and wealthy people by the simple process of prayer.

THE END

A SAD FATE

By CAROLYN WELLS

With Illustration by Oliver Herford



PAPER FAIRY on a Christmas tree
Fell in love
With a Candy Soldier
whom she chanced to see
Just above;
But the object of her care
Fixed his calm and painted stare
On a gay and debonaire
Sugar Dove.

Now the Candy Soldier didn't want to gaze
On the bird,
For the Paper Fairy with her pretty ways
He preferred;
But he couldn't move his eyes,
So he heaved some heavy sighs
Which the Fairy, in surprise,
Overheard.

Then the Candy Soldier asked the Paper Fay
For his mate,
But before her answer she could cooly say
'Twas too late.
For a lot of girls and boys
Came and took away the toys,
And thus ended all their joys,
Cruel Fate!

FOOD

PINEY WOODS.

Healthful but Not Always Curative.

To go to the piney woods is a help, but if one carries along the bad habits of food and drink that have caused sickness, the piney woods will not produce a recovery.

Coffee drinking caused blindness in a Virginia gentleman, and his remarkable experience is worth reading. "I have been a coffee drinker since my earliest remembrance. If I missed coffee at a meal it brought on headache. This should have shown me that I was a victim to a drug habit. Finally, wakeful, restless nights came on. After dinner I was always drowsy and after sleeping would waken stupid and morbid, and felt as though I had been drugged, and when this feeling wore off nervousness and restlessness would set in until I drugged myself with coffee again.

At last my eyesight began to fail. Some of the best optical specialists agreed that I had an affliction of the optic nerve, and after two or three years' treatment my eyes slowly lost their power and I became almost sightless.

I was advised to go to a pine woods near the sea in a most isolated place. This I did and lived there for two years without any visible benefit. I gave up all hope of recovery until last Spring a friend expressed the belief that the coffee I drank was the cause of all my trouble. He had been a slave to it and had been unable to find relief until he quit and took up Postum Food Coffee.

His experience startled me, and I decided to try the change although I had but little faith in its merits. My first cup of Postum proved delicious and was a great surprise. It was evidently well made. I had not the slightest trouble in leaving off coffee for the Postum filled its place perfectly.

During the past six months I have gained in flesh, my sallow complexion has become clear, and my eyesight gradually improved until now I am able to read and write. My mind is once more clear and active, and I no longer suffer from sleepless, nervous spells. You can imagine I feel grateful for my restoration." W. Harold Fenion, Brighton, Va.

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"I knew they were an advertised remedy and I didn't believe anything I read about them as I had no confidence in advertised remedies, but my sister living in Pittsburg wrote me last spring telling me how Stuart's Tablets had cured her little daughters of indigestion and loss of flesh and appetite and I hesitated no longer.

"I bought a fifty cent box at my drug store and took two of the large tablets after each meal and found them delightful to take, being as pleasant to the taste as caramel candy. Whenever during the day or night I felt any pain or uneasiness in the stomach or about the heart I took one of the small tablets and in three weeks it seemed to me as if I had never known what stomach trouble was.

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KATE BONNET

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

CHAPTER XXXVI THE TIDE DECIDES



IT WAS NOW September, and the weather was beautiful on the North Carolina coast. Captain Thomas (late Bonnet) of the *Royal James* (late *Revenge*) had always enjoyed cool nights and invigorating morning air, and therefore it was that he said to his faithful servant, Ben Greenway, when first he stepped out upon the deck as his vessel lay comfortably anchored in a little cove in the Cape Fear River, that he did not remember ever having been in a more pleasant harbor. This well-tried pirate captain, Stede Bonnet, as we shall call him notwithstanding his assumption of another name, was in a genial mood as he drank in the morning air.

From his point of view, he had a right to be genial; he had a right to be pleased with the scenery and the air; he had a right to swear at the Scotchman and to ask him why he did not put on a merrier visage on such a sparkling morning, for, since he had first started out as Captain Thomas of the *Royal James*, he had been a most successful pirate. He had sailed up the Virginia coast; he had burned, he had sunk, he had robbed, he had slain; he had gone up Delaware Bay and the people in ships, and the people on the coasts trembled even when they heard that his black flag had been sighted.

No man could now say that the former captain of the *Revenge* was not an accomplished and seasoned desperado. Even the great Blackbeard would not have cared to give him nicknames, nor to dare to play his blithesome tricks upon him; he was now no more Captain Nightcap to any man. His crew of hairy ruffians had learned to understand that he knew what he wanted, and, more than that, he knew how to order it done. They listened to his great oaths and they respected him. This powerful pirate now commanded a small fleet, for in the cove where lay his flagship also lay two good-sized sloops, manned by their own crews, which he had captured in Delaware Bay and brought down with him to this quiet spot, a few miles up the Cape Fear River, where now he was repairing his own ship, which had had a hard time of it since she had again come into his hands.

For many a long day the sound of the hammer and the saw had mingled with the song of the birds and Captain Bonnet felt that in a day or two he might again sail out upon the sea, conveying his two prizes to some convenient mart, while he, with his good ship freshened and restored, would go in search of more victories, more booty and more blood.

"Greenway, I tell you," said Bonnet, continuing his remarks, "you are too glum; you've got the only long face in all this my fleet. Even those poor fellows who man my prizes are not so solemn, although they know not when I have done with them whether I shall maroon them to quietly starve or shall sink them in their own vessels."

"But I have no such reason to be cheerful," said Ben. "I have bound myself to stand by ye till ye have gone to the de'il an' I have no chance o' freeing myself from my responsibilities by perishing on land or in the sea."

"If anything could make me glum, Ben Greenway, it would be you," said the other; "but I am getting used to you, and, some of these days, when I have captured a ship laden with Scotch liquors and Scotch plaids, I believe that you will turn pirate yourself for the sake of your share of the prizes."

"Which is likely to be on the same mornin' that ye turn to be an honest man," said Ben; "but I am no' in the way o' expectin' miracles."

On went the pounding and the sawing and the hammering and the swearing and the singing of birds, although the latter were a little further away than they had been, and, in the course of the day, the pirate captain, erect, scrutinizing and blasphemous, went over his ship superintending the repairs.

There were great prospects before our pirate captain. Perhaps he might have the grand good fortune to fall in with that low-born devil Blackbeard, who, when last he had been heard from, commanded but a small vessel, fearing no attack upon this coast. What a proud and glorious moment it would be when a broadside and another and another should be poured in upon his little craft from the long guns of the *Royal James*!

Bonnet was still standing, reflecting, with bright eyes, upon this dazzling future and wondering what would be the best way of letting the dastardly Blackbeard know whose guns they were which had sunk his ship, when a boat was seen coming around the

headland. This was one of his own boats which had been posted as a sentinel and which now brought the news that two vessels were coming in at the mouth of the river, but that, as the distance was great and the night was coming on, they could not decide what manner of craft they were. This information made everybody jump on board the *Royal James*, and the noise of the sawing and the hammering ceased as completely as had the songs of the birds. In a few minutes that quick and able mariner, Bonnet, had sent three armed boats down the river to reconnoitre. If the vessels entering the river were merchantmen they should not be allowed to get away, but if they were enemies, although it was difficult to understand how enemies could make their appearance in these quiet waters, they must be attended to either by fight or flight.

When the three boats came back, and it was late before they appeared, every man upon the *Royal James* was crowded along her side to hear the news, and even the people on the prizes knew that something had happened, and stood upon every point of vantage, hoping that in some way they could find out what it was.

The news brought by the boats was to the effect that two vessels, not sailing as merchantmen, and well armed and manned, were now ashore on sandbars not very far above the mouth of the river. Now Bonnet swore bravely. If the work upon his vessel had been finished he would up anchor and sail past these two grounded ships whatever they were and whatever they came for; he would sail past them and take with him his two prizes; he would glide out to sea with the tide and he would laugh at them as he left them behind. But the *Royal James* was not ready to sail.

The tide was now low; five hours afterward, when it should be high, those two ships, whatever they were, would float again, and the *Royal James*, whatever her course of action should be, would be cut off from the mouth of the river. This was a greater risk than even a pirate as bold as Bonnet would wish to run, and so there was no sleep that night on the *Royal James*. The blows of the hammers and the sounds of the saws made a greater noise than they had ever done before, so that the night-birds were frightened and flew shrieking away. Every man worked with all the energy that was in him, for each hairy rascal had reason to believe that if the vessel they were on did not get out of the river before the two armed strangers should be afloat there might be hard times ahead for them. Even Ben Greenway was aroused.

"The de'il shall no' get him any sooner than can be helped," he said to himself, and he hammered and saved with the rest of them.

On his stout and well-armed sloop, the *Henry*, Mr. William Rhett of Charles Town, South Carolina, paced anxiously all night; frequently from the sandbar on which his vessel was grounded he called over to his other sloop, also fast grounded, giving orders and asking questions. On both vessels everybody was at work, getting ready for action when the tide should rise.

Some weeks before, the wails and complaints of a tortured sea-coast had come down from the Jersey shores to South Carolina, asking for help at the only place along that coast whence help could come. A pirate named Thomas was working his way southward, spreading terror before him and leaving misery behind. These appeals touched the hearts of the people of Charles Town, already sore from the injuries and insults inflicted upon them by Blackbeard in those days when Bonnet sat silently on the pirate ship doing nothing and learning much.

There was no hesitancy; for their own sake and for the sake of their commerce this new pirate must not come to Charles Town Harbor, and an expedition of two vessels, heavily armed and well manned, and commanded by Mr. William Rhett, was sent northward up the coast to look for the pirate named Thomas and to destroy him and his ship. Mr. Rhett was not a military man, nor did he belong to the navy. He was a citizen capable of commanding soldiers and sailors, and, as such, he went forth to destroy the pirate Thomas.

Mr. Rhett met people enough along the coast who told him where he might find the pirate, but he found no one to tell him how to navigate the dangerous waters of the Cape Fear River, and so it was that, soon after entering that fine stream, he and his consort found themselves aground. Mr. Rhett was quite sure that he had discovered the lair of the big game he was looking for. Just before dark, three boats well filled with men had appeared from up the river, and they had looked so formidable that everything had been made ready to resist an attack from them. They had retired, but every now and then during the night, when there was quiet for a few minutes, there would come down the river, on the wind, the sound of distant hammering and the noise of saws.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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